The SPHERE

Vol. CXXIV. No. 1616 JAN. 10, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

The Sphere—First in Foreign News:—

All in this issue

SPAIN—Ferdinand Tuohy writes from Barcelona of King Alfonso's position.

ITALY—The New Etruscan Discoveries illustrated.

AFRICA—The Results of the Rawson Expedition pictured.

SWITZERLAND—The Latest Winter Sport Pictures.

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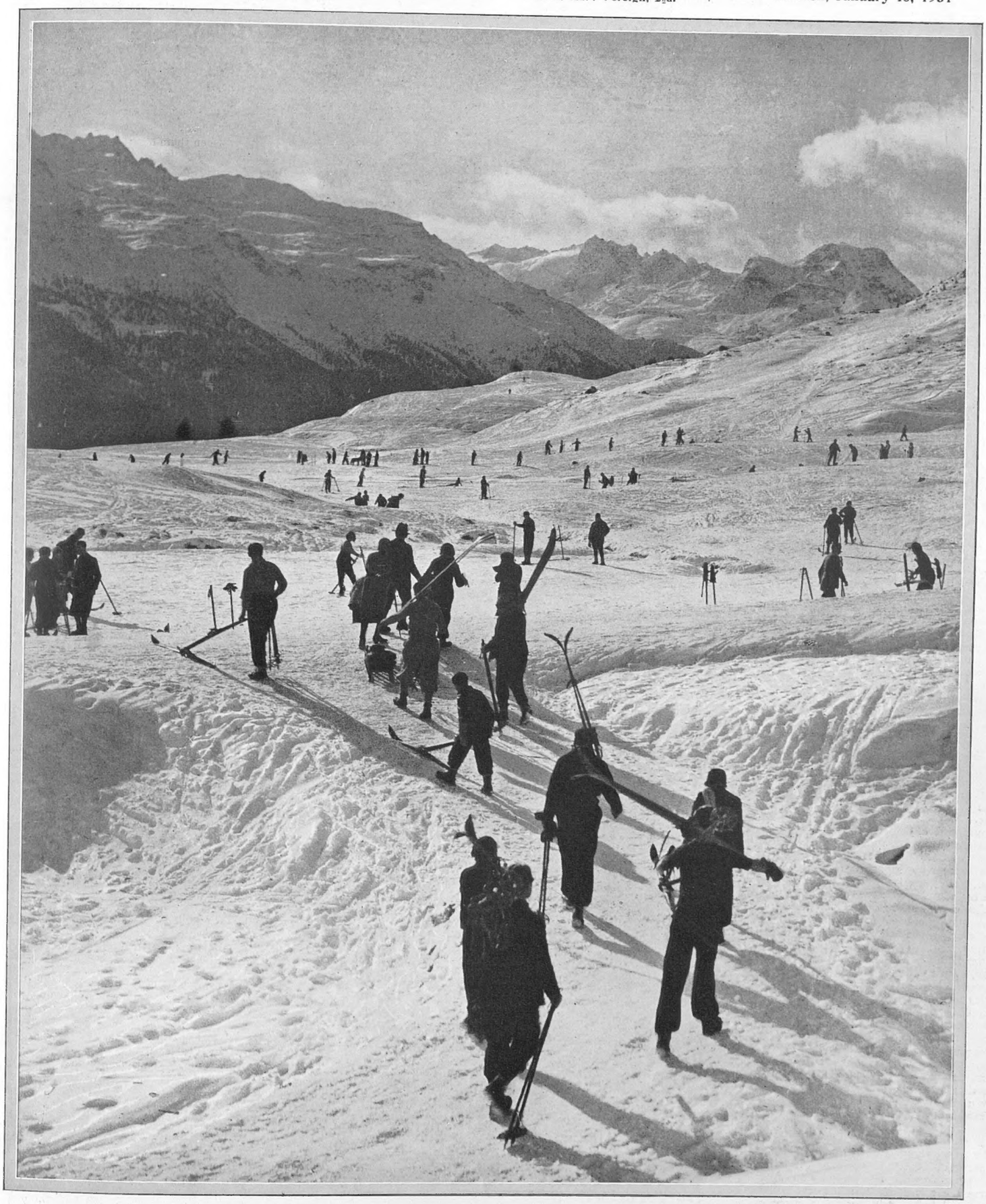


THE COSMOPOLITAN RESORT of SNOW and SUN

The Slopes above St. Moritz Crowded with Ski-ers

The Swiss season is now in full swing. Hundreds and thousands of tourists from all countries are revelling in the sun and snow of the Alpine slopes. The crisp mountain air is athrill with gay laughter and shouts of friendly warning. "Gare" and "Achtung" shatter the welkin, for even in Switzerland the pedestrian is a blight! This particular picture shows the ski-ing fields above St. Moritz, originally the highest village in the Engadin, and now the most cosmopolitan and luxurious of all the Swiss resorts. In the Corviglia region some of the finest ski-ing tours in the world are to be found. This is reached from Chantarella (6,600 ft.) by a funicular which ascends nearly another 2,000 ft. The journey is done in eight minutes in cars each carrying sixty persons.

A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, January 7, 1931

The High Æsthetic Plane.—We are getting used to starting our New Years on the "high æsthetic plane." And though perhaps a majority of us find it a strain to acquire the necessary jargon of the current art to enable us to pass muster in the polite drawing-rooms of Mayfair, and the politer ones of Kensington, yet I feel sure these splendid and representative art shows do us good, and that we acquire virtue from them, even if obliquely and subconsciously. The public which throngs these exhibitions is not at first blush an encouraging subject for psychological examination. It is the same public which thronged last year the Italian Exhibition (which was advertised), but never went near the Mediæval Art Exhibition at South Kensington (which was not), and would never dream of looking at our own admirable Italian section in Trafalgar Square. And yet I feel a little knowledge, a little culture, a little imagination, penetrates and remains under the skin of each one of those "ladies from the provinces" who pass out of the turnstile rejoicing in their achievement: "We've *done* the exhibition, we've visited the hub of culture, and can now go home and look down our noses at the vicar's wife and the doctor's wife who haven't yet done the exhibition." . . .

A Note on Persian Art.—But the Dutch and Italian Exhibitions were child's play to the Persian. Willy nilly, we have been forced to acquire a certain grounding in European and Western art, for we are in the position of privileged children, born and bred in a great country house full of rare old masters. We could not fail to gain a nodding acquaintance with Rembrandt and Raphael. But of Bihzad, the Persian contemporary of Raphael, England never heard until 1890, and Riza's name, had we known it, we should until lately have blushed to mention. So we come to the Exhibition with all the spadework to do. If the artists of Persia appear to us to have been in the main sadistic, cynical, and erotic, let us remember that war, pillage, murder, and destruction were among the fairies at the cradle of Persian art. Cruelty and lust, the companions of war, have put their thumb marks on much that we shall see and admire. But the art of Persia, purged of these blemishes, has long since insidiously inspired the Western arts we affect to know.

The Modernity of Persia.—What crumb of knowledge and truth does the visitor bring away from the Exhibition of Persian Art? He certainly derives that keen delight of surprise which gorgeous effects in colour always give, from his examination of the carpets and brocades, gold plate, faience, mosaic, and illuminated books. He certainly discovers that there may be music in a design of silks, and poetry in a panel of brocade. He cannot fail to stumble on an altogether new and rather shocking idea: that here, perhaps (after all), in this world of make-believe at Burlington House, are the things that matter, the permanent things—truth, beauty, happiness, even reality; and that the earthly cares which preoccupy him, such as making quick money on the Stock Exchange, or wangling a knighthood, or keeping up appearances in Surbiton, are the fantastic, the unstable, the altogether useless preoccupations. And, if he has let his reason work with his powers of observation, he must have concluded that these Persian artists of many arts and epochs are curiously united in one feature—their "modernity." They have clearly been familiar for centuries with what will be for us to-morrow's fashion of thought, that the only universe that is real is a a world of ideas, a universe of the mind Whether they are recording a scene from farm life or an event in history, or are absorbed in a design or a harmony of colour, one thing is always clear. They derive their forms from the unseen world of the imagination, and smilingly reject and very politely despise the fantastic, unreal, and unsubstantial furnishings and forms of the world in which we live, the forms and furnishings our earthly eyes see.

Sir James.—My comments on the New Year Honours shall be commendably brief. The list seems large but it is unsensational, non-political, and pure. If we must have these distributions, if Democracy clamours for these social distinctions, stars and ribbons, doubtless the right men have been named for receiving them. We have "Audax," that anonymous benefactor who did not let his right hand know what his left hand did, run to ground, identified, and converted into a baronet—quite a fairy story; and Mr. Sexton's record is another. I belong to a dining club of earnest men. We meet at dinner half-a-dozen times a year, and invite distinguished guests to expatiate on the burning questions of the hour. A year or two after the War, our guests on one such evening were Messrs. Clynes, Thomas, and Sexton. Mr. Sexton rose and said to us (among other things): "My education stopped at the age of seven when I was put down into a damp cellar; the walls ran with water, there was no light; here for a number of years I worked eleven hours a day, bottling." He spoke without passion or hatred, calmly, impersonally, The extraordinary impression his words made on us was due in part to the pathos which his voice and scarred appearance evoked, and in part to the fact that on that night at our dinner his right and left-hand neighbours were the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. Sir James Sexton. It is very well. It is a good selection.

The Sense of Things.—The fogs of December have already been dissipated a little. For surely there are signs that the public, which is lamentably slow to reason but never permanently deceived by specious argument, has tumbled to the sense of things political. As, for example, that the Alternative Vote is only a wretched compromise of a reform which needs persistent and constructive attention by a strong majority Government in a non-party spirit; that it is, at the worst of it, not worth while for the Liberals to hold their hand in order to attain it; that *now* is the time to put to the test the Socialist Government and read the public verdict of their fitness to continue in office, by a General Election; that for the Empire's safety, with the Indian Conference foreshadowing the gravest renewal of disturbances, *now* is the time to secure a stronger, more established Government (whatever its politics); that *now* is the time to secure a public verdict on the wisdom of the Trades Disputes Act Amendment, on the necessity for the first serious effort towards national retrenchment. I am not speaking as a partisan of this or that party — a plague on all their parties!—I am suggesting that never in the history of England has that cursed nuisance, a General Election, been more necessary than now. We simply must stop for a moment the Government machine, decarbonize it, and start it again with clean oil and fresh fuel. It is knocking the Ship of State to smithereens. The very cabin-boy knows it.

Deadlock.—The New Year has come in with an unprecedented number of industrial disputes threatening. The coalfields trouble is like a strong sea pressing on a rotting and hastily patched dyke. Then there are the railways. Trouble may be staved off until February, or whenever the National Wages Boards publish their findings. Then there is the cotton industry, where the trouble is due to the introduction of the system of more-looms-per-weaver. The building trade, the engineering and bootmaking trades are also on the verge of trouble. History repeats itself. In almost all these cases labour is opposing rationalization, and rationalization is the only thing that can save the industry. Take the weavers as an example. The more-looms-per-weaver system is sound and vital rationalization. Go on in the old way and this vital industry will rot and die. But who can blame the weaver? His looms are hereditary properties. His grandfather and great-grandmother tended them before him. If the impious new system comes in, his daughter will never take her mother's place in a highly skilled and honourable profession, and, if she may not weave, she will surely turn her hand to no lesser trade. Or take the railways. The companies say: wages must be reduced or the whole industry will go. And the worker replies: what do we know about the industry; we want a minimum wage of £3 a week. No man can live on less. And indeed it is difficult to twit with narrow-mindedness or short-sight those who support a family on very much less. But who so optimistic as to declare he can see a light ahead in our long tunnel? These divergencies are sheer deadlock.

The Only Hope.—The nation's unhappiness in 1930 was a thing that could be felt. It *was* felt, even by the insensitive and insentient. The whole nation has suddenly woken up to find that the one thing in human life which makes it possible for "dreams to come true" has died of neglect or ridicule, or a mixture of both. We have killed hope. The scientists and the muddlers, the lukewarm and the flabby-hearted between them have done the deed. When we declare (for a simple example) that a trade revival will bring a renewal of optimism or hope, we are putting the cart before the horse. Nothing but the existence of a living hope in the nation's heart can bring a revival in trade or anything else. The lamp has gone out and must painfully be lit again before we can once more distinguish solid objects through the blackness of our night. And if you come to think of it, the lamp which we must relight is the old scrapped and despised torch which guided the surer footsteps of our fathers and ancestors. By our cleverness, our cynicism, our logic, we have killed religion; and hope is nothing but a real, a living, religion of some sort.

Joffre.—Of Marshal Joffre so much has been written that any effort at biography must be mere repetition. I shall not attempt it. I am glad that General Spears' *Liaison* was published before his death, because that little picture of "Papa" ungumming Lanresac in the school yard in September, 1914, fixes him for ever in my mind. How much the account owes to good writing and the mellowing of memory by time I do not know nor care; the snapshot convinces me. It fixes the old Marshal. I have always been struck by the dignity which surrounds the higher command of the French Army. It is something unique. We know now that the first leaders of the French Army in the Great War were professors of a fixed and unalterable strategy rather than inspired commanders in the field in a new and untried warfare. Such was Joffre, such Lanresac. It matters not (now)—the dignity, the supreme calmness of dignity, remains. Joffre was a stoic and a die-hard to the end. I think of Joffre as I think of Foch, as a calm, strong man, beside whom our own generals, however successful, appear lacking in experience, not so much of their profession as of life.

The Princess Royal.—The death of the Princess Royal can have caused no sharp surprise, comparatively young as she was. Her heart had for some time been in a precarious state. She was an unadvertised Royalty. Her early training, principally that of an ordinary country girl, must have shaped her destiny. She would not contemplate life at a foreign Court, but in marrying Lord Fife she "created no precedent," for her aunt, Princess Louise, had "faced the music" when she became engaged to Lord Lorne twenty years earlier. The Princess Royal's marriage coincided with the Shah of Persia's visit in the summer of '89. Thus was her destiny twice linked with Persia. She was a woman of simple tastes, some artistic skill, and, I have always heard, was a clever angler.

Mr. Morrison and Dame Nature.—If Dame Nature has not a sense of humour, no one has. Dame Nature decided to have a joke with Mr. Morrison on New Year's Day. Mr. Morrison said: "No limit, boys, drive your cars as fast as you please." And Dame Nature smiled a sour smile and muttered "Quite," blew with her nostrils, superimposed an acrid and impenetrable mist and imposed a speed limit of 7 m.p.h. It took me one hour to do the 7¾ miles of the Kingston by-pass on the first day of the triumph of speed, and even then I was driving to the danger of the public and deserved the crash which I got. *Homme propose mais Dame dispose.*

THE OLD STAGER.

ROBERT BADDELEY (1733—1794): The great-eighteenth century comedian of Drury Lane in his most famous role—that of Moses, the usurer, in *The School for Scandal*. Baddeley had a great reputation for playing low comedy, his studies of foreigners and Jews being especially highly esteemed. Unhappy in his domestic life, he fought a bloodless duel with George Garrick, the brother of David, and played opposite his wife for some time, without ever speaking a word to her in, or out of, the theatre, save in the necessities of the drama. Baddeley is remembered largely on account of his wife, who was something of a fashion, but more especially for his will, which left his house an an asylum for indigent actors and devised the sum of £100 to provide cake and wine on January 6—Twelfth Night—for the artists at Drury Lane Theatre. The picture above, by Zoffany, was given to the ancestor of its recent owner, Mr. Keith Hutchinson, by the Treasurer of Drury Lane Theatre, to whom it had been presented by Baddeley's executors. It was sold at Christie's a few weeks ago

The PASSING of the PRINCESS ROYAL

Who Died Suddenly of Heart Trouble in London last Sunday

THE PRINCESS ROYAL AS A CHILD, in the buttoned boots, white socks, and the harshly patterned frock of her generation

A FAMILY GROUP: The Duke of Clarence, the Queen of Norway, Queen Alexandra (then Princess of Wales), the Princess Royal (then Princess Louise), King Edward VII (then Prince of Wales), and, below, King George (then Prince George), and Princess Victoria. The group was taken in about 1890. The Duke of Clarence died in 1892

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF FIFE: The Princess Royal married the Duke of Fife when he was the Earl of Fife

AT THE WEDDING OF THE PRESENT KING: The Princess Royal with the Queen of Denmark and Queen Alexandra. In this picture are three generations, for the late Queen Mother was "The Sea King's Daughter from over the sea"

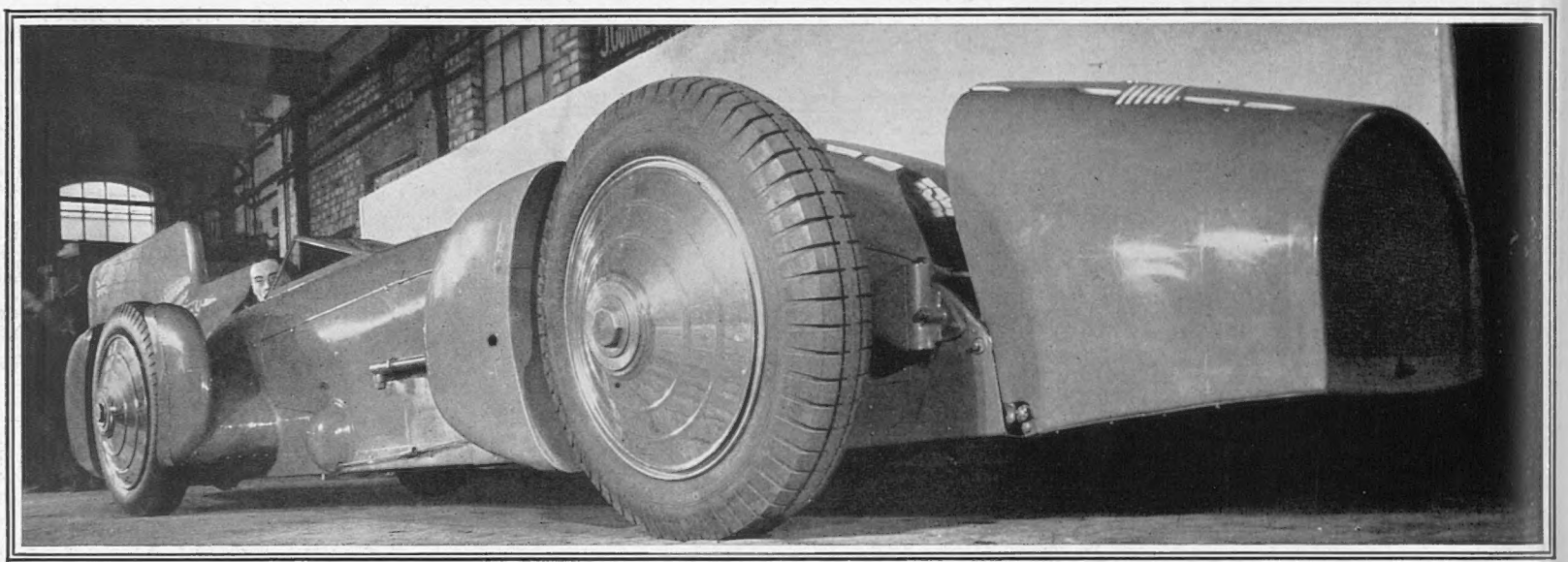
IN LATER LIFE: The Princess Royal in the shade of a parasol watches the Church Army Girls' Outing at Cuffley

THE PRINCESS ROYAL and Lady Maud Carnegie. Her other daughter is Princess Arthur of Connaught

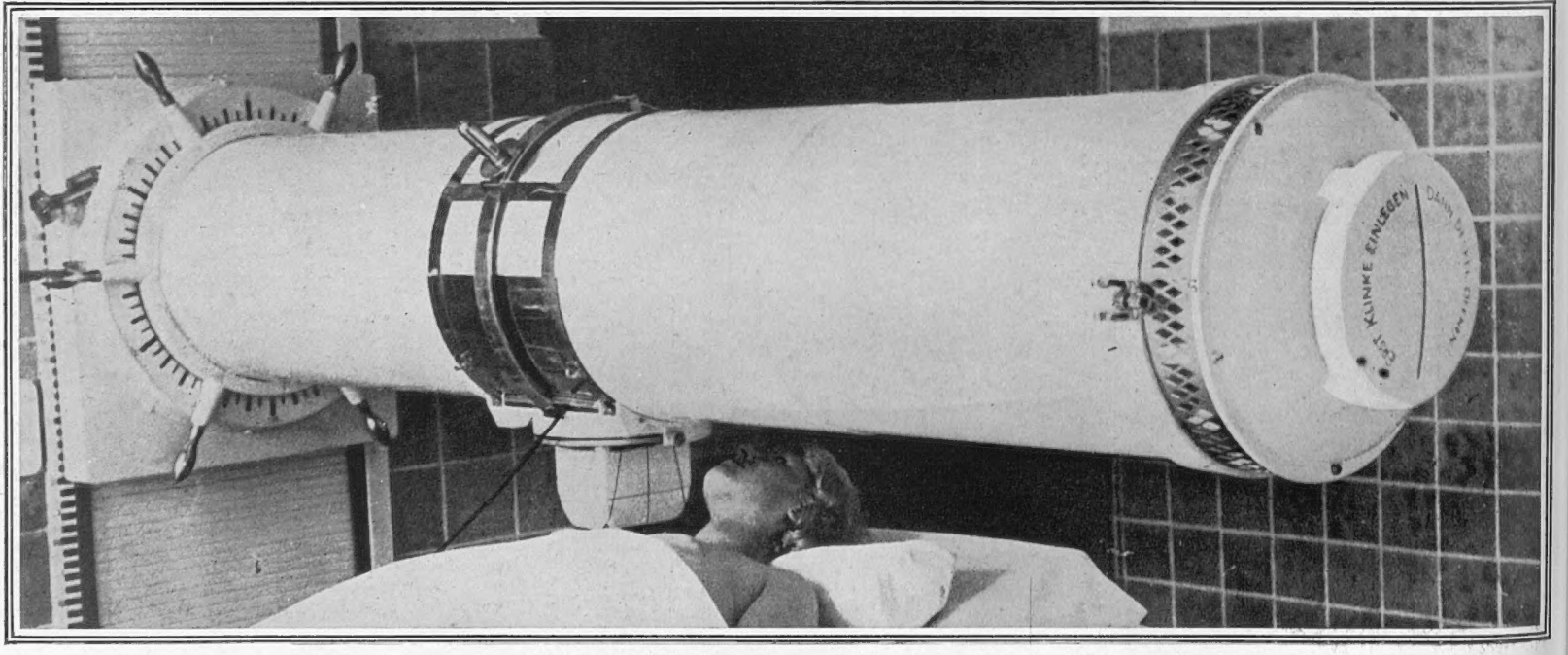
THREE GENERATIONS: Queen Alexandra, Prince Olaf, son of Queen Maud of Norway and grandson of Queen Alexandra, Princess Victoria, and the Princess Royal

NEWS *from* ALL QUARTERS *of the* GLOBE

ROYAL DEMOCRACY: The Queen of Jugo-Slavia gives a Christmas party to the poor children of Belgrade at the Royal Palace in the capital. Princess Marina of Greece, Princess Olga, and the little Prince Alexander were also guests. The Royal party is seen in the foreground, the Royal hostess being second from the left. Yesterday (Friday) was Queen Maria's birthday and the second anniversary of the King's dictatorship—he is the only Royal autocrat in Europe—fell on Tuesday



DEFENDING AND CHALLENGING THE SEGRAVE RECORD: The new "Blue Bird" which Captain Malcolm Campbell will drive at Daytona. The intrepid racing-driver is seen at the wheel of the gigantic new vehicle. The new Napier-Campbell car is fitted with a Napier Lion 12-cylinder engine weighing 1,140 lb. and developing about 1,450 h.p. The chassis frame was made by Vickers and the body by J. Gurney Nutting. It is hoped that the car will achieve the staggering speed of 300 m.p.h.



THE X-RAY GUN: The S-R-V apparatus developed and constructed by Siemens-Reiniger-Veija of Berlin on the suggestion of the famous radiologist, Dr. Holfelder of Frankfurt-am-Main. This device ensures protection on all sides against unintentional X-radiation, against the danger of high voltages, and against deterioration of the atmosphere in the treatment room due to poisonous gases. The gun differs from cognate devices as its mobility enables the patient to be placed in many positions. The gun can be turned through 360 deg. about its longitudinal axis and can be raised or lowered vertically

PLAYGROUND *of* EUROPE

New Pictures from the Alpine Slopes

SUNSHINE AND SNOW: A scene outside the Scheidegg Hotel, which takes its name from its location. Alfresco luncheons are quite *en règle* in the Swiss resorts despite the thermometer's descent. In the background are the famous slopes of the Leuberhorn. *Inset above on left* is a crowd of winter sports enthusiasts watching the ski-jumping during the Inter-'Varsity Contest on the Olympia Leap, St. Moritz. *On extreme right* is a figure typical of Miss 1931 on the slopes—in workmanlike trousers and gay jumper. *In the centre* is M. Tardieu recuperating from strain of the premiership of France at St. Moritz—Queen of the Engadine

Lost Figures of Fame

Who Was Mary Somerville? And Who Was Theono? If You Know You are the Exception — Yet These and Many Other Women Should be Famous. Why so Many Women of Achievement have Failed to Attain Fame is a Mystery, the Solution to which is Suggested Below

By WALTER B. PITKIN

Author of "The Psychology of Happiness," "The Twilight of the American Mind," etc.

The great women of history have cause for a grudge. The unknown great of any age may hope for at least a 100-page biography or a nice quiet tomb in Westminster Abbey when later generations have discovered their merit. Any small-town library yields facts about the great men of history. High school boys learn all about Newton. And the eminent Euclid is the fourteen-year-old's daily pest. Well informed children bleat promptly when teacher asks: "And who was Pythagoras?" But a deep silence prevails when the question arises:

"For what was Mary Somerville famous?"

And should any one ask an intelligent adult the name of the woman who translated Newton's "Principia" into French, thereby making it available for some of the most significant scientific work ever done, a bleak quiet would enshroud the hopeful questioner. For who ever heard of the Marquise du Chatelet?

Yet the variety and scope of feminine achievement are little short of astonishing, especially in view of the fact that these lady achievers were met with all the traditional obstacles to their ultimate success. Women shouldn't work—it wasn't refined. Woman belongs in the home. Ladies shouldn't want to learn about science and mathematics. For our old friend man had a monopoly on such rarefied atmosphere. Yet there have always been many sprightly ladies who insisted on Free Air. They deftly leaped into the Hall of Fame. But no gentleman arose to offer them his pedestal.

It is a pity that our records of women of antiquity are so meagre. Women distinguished themselves, notably in medicine and philosophy, as early as the sixth century B.C. We discover a brief reference to Pythagoras's wife, Theono, who was able and well educated enough to assume charge of her husband's school of philosophy after his death, and to win renown during her lifetime for her attainments in medicine. Hippocrates and Pliny refer often to the work of women doctors of their own time who were celebrated when they lived—and whose names have passed into undeserved oblivion. During the Middle Ages most of the medical practice was in the hands of monks and nuns, among whom Saint Hildegarde was renowned. But in many countries women were forbidden by law to become physicians; so, with few exceptions, we find no celebrated woman in medicine until Elizabeth Garrett Anderson put up her magnificent battle. Thanks to this extraordinary woman, the members of her sex may now practice medicine all over the world.

The achievement of women in science has never been decently recognized. None but the most avid student of astronomy, for example, knows of the extraordinary work of Caroline Herschel, sister and faithful assistant of the distinguished Sir William. And yet, what did she do? Well, it was she who planned their work. Not only did she spend her nights until early dawn working with him, even in the bitterest cold, when their ink froze in its bottle, but she reduced every observation, made every calculation, and made available to science the magnificent work of her brother. Indeed, it is admitted that she is for the most part responsible for his distinction and recognition.

And, as if this weren't enough to fill twenty-four hours a day, Caroline Herschel made her own independent observations—five different times she was the first to sight new comets. Awarded the Gold Medal of the Astronomical Society of London in 1828 and elected to honorary membership—an unusual distinction—to even well-informed people she is unknown to-day.

Who but specialists know even the names of other great women astronomers? Saint Hildegarde, for example, the Benedictine abbess, who is reputed to have anticipated the theory of gravitation and the explanation of the alternation of the seasons? Or Madame Hortense Lepaute, the most eminent woman astronomer France has ever produced? Or Henrietta Leavitt, whom Henry Smith Williams calls probably the only woman of our time to make a major discovery in astronomy?

What young student of physics to-day ever hears of the brilliant Mary Somerville, whose magnificent translation into English of Laplace's *Mécanique Celeste* not only made her famous but gained for Laplace the distinguished reputation which he otherwise might never have achieved? Widely acquainted among the most eminent scientists of her time, Mary Somerville was said by Laplace to be the only woman who understood his works. The author of original and brilliant scientific writings, our lady physicist is conscripted into the Army of the Unknown Feminine Great where, perhaps, she will find congenial the companionship of other brilliant women scientists—perhaps the wife of Lavoisier.

You knew he was married, you say, but what about his wife? Well, just this: Lavoisier's monumental work in chemistry demanded much research in untranslated work. His wife was determined to help her famous husband. So she learned Latin and English, and became an accomplished translator of any chemical work in those languages to which he might wish to refer. Oh, is that all, you say? No, that's not—not even half of all! A pupil of the famous David and an excellent engraver, this versatile woman, who had already written the results of all of her husband's experiments, set herself to illustrate his famous *Tait de Chémie*—the first text-book of modern chemistry. And after Lavoisier's tragic death she edited his *Memoirs*. The lady worked hard and achieved much. But her reward was in heaven!

When you see the progress made in pure food to-day you will probably recall the name of a man, Dr. Harvey Wiley, famous exponent and tireless worker in the field. But did you ever hear of Mrs. Ellen H. Richards? No? Well, of course, it was only her life-work, so you probably wouldn't. One of the early crusaders for pure food, Ellen Richards was among the first ever to apply chemistry to an elaborate study of food and its proper preparation. She did pioneer work in home economics, and for twenty-one years she instructed in sanitary chemistry—the first course of its kind in the world. During the last three years of her life she was consulted on food problems by almost 200 institutions of one kind and another. And at the same time she acted as general sanitary adviser to ten corporations and schools. She could have distinguished herself by pure research in chemistry. But the work that she chose she considered far more important. She had a good time, so she didn't care about fame.

And who, little children, was Sonya Kovalevsky? A Bolshevik lady? Oh, no! Wrong again! Wrong again! For just sixty-two years ago a brilliant young Russian girl told herself that she wanted to spend the most of her life studying strange symbols, and elaborate equations, for she liked mathematics. But ladies couldn't do that in the Good Old Days in Russia. So Sonya, being resourceful, took unto herself a spouse who would take her to Germany, where women could study.

All was well until Sonya found that public lectures were not open to women. What to do? Why, hire private teachers, of course. Which she promptly did, and when she was twenty-four the University of Gottingen gave her a degree *in absentia*. (Note to Ph.D. students: Her three dissertations were of such remarkable excellence that she didn't even have to take her orals!)

Going to Sweden as a lecturer in the chair of mathematics in Stockholm, she was soon made full professor for her extraordinary work. And her greatest achievement was the solution of the problem of perfecting "in one important point the theory of the movement of a solid body round an immovable point." You may not find this remarkable. But the Paris Academy, which had offered a prize for this solution, doubled it because of the unusual distinction of her study. Buried deep in the *Britannica*, Sonya Kovalevsky has seldom had an opportunity to achieve less austere companionship. Doomed to encyclopedic fame, she may be known now and then by some mathematical pedant. But by whom else?

What is the "Witch of Agnesi"? No, it's not one of the hags of *Macbeth*. It's a special mathematical curve invented by one of the most brilliant women who ever lived. Maria Gaetana Agnesi, born in the early eighteenth century, was not only an extraordinary mathematician, but a linguist and philosopher as well. At the age of nine, when most little girls are barely getting over their baby lisps, the small Maria published in Latin an elaborate treatise defending the right of women to undertake the liberal studies! And at thirteen, when other young things are beginning to outgrow dolls and take up boys, our heroine was a linguist, with a thorough knowledge of Greek, Hebrew, French, Spanish, German, Latin, and (her biographer states modestly) other languages.

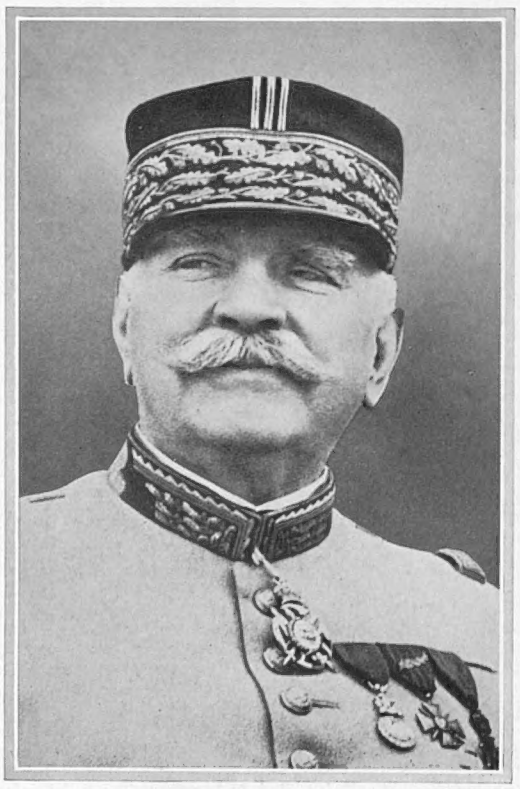
Her father was a professor of mathematics at Bologna. And when his precocious daughter was only fifteen she was meeting through him the most learned men of her city, discussing with them the most profound philosophical questions. She not only published a significant study of finite quantities and the analysis of infinitesimals, but when her father became ill she was appointed to the chair of mathematics and natural philosophy in his own university. She spent the last of her days in a convent—and she has now gone to heaven, where she has long escaped fame. *Requiescat in pace*—for she is unknown to posterity.

Do you know Mary MacArthur, the brilliant charmer through whose magnificent efforts the English woman shop-worker of to-day is living at last a decent life—after years of the most horrible suffering, wretched housing, and down-trodden drudgery? Or Elizabeth Fry, the quaint Quakeress, thanks to whose gentle and endless persistence prison reform in England became an accomplished fact? Or Madame Lefebre, who conceived the idea of utilizing atmosphere for the production of nitrates fifty years before her discovery was used, and whose name by that time had faded into oblivion?

Do you know of the extraordinary work of our contemporary, Mary Douglas, and the battles she has so triumphantly fought to establish the New Jersey College for Women? Or the remarkable young American woman, Rayne Prohme, who defiantly edited the only Nationalist paper in English that was published in China? Elisabeth is Queen of the Belgians. But do you know of her prestige in advancing education for women throughout the European Continent?

Why are women so little known, even when their work is well recognized by specialists? My own guess is that, first of all, women are less interested than men in their own public exploitation. It is the exceptional woman who craves publicity in the best male manner.

Women are keener realists than romantic men. They perceive things in larger perspective, thereby perhaps losing something of the intensive specialist's power, but gaining, by way of compensation, a firmer grasp on ultimate realities. Thus blessed, they are not deceived by the spotlight. They are absorbed in the results, not in the ballyhoo, about themselves. So if there is anything to this conjecture—there will always be more unknown great women than men.



THE PASSING OF MARSHAL JOFFRE: The Generalissimo of the French Armies, who saved the world at the Marne, and whose fame suffered diminution in his last years

The passing of Marshal Joffre adds another name to the long list of famous War leaders who have died since the armistice. They include:

Great Britain.—Field-Marshal Earl Haig, Field-Marshal the Earl of Ypres, General Lord Rawlinson, General Lord Horne, Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson (assassinated), General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, General Sir Bryan Mahon, Major-General Sir Charles Townshend, General Sir Charles Monro, Admiral Lord Fisher, and Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee.

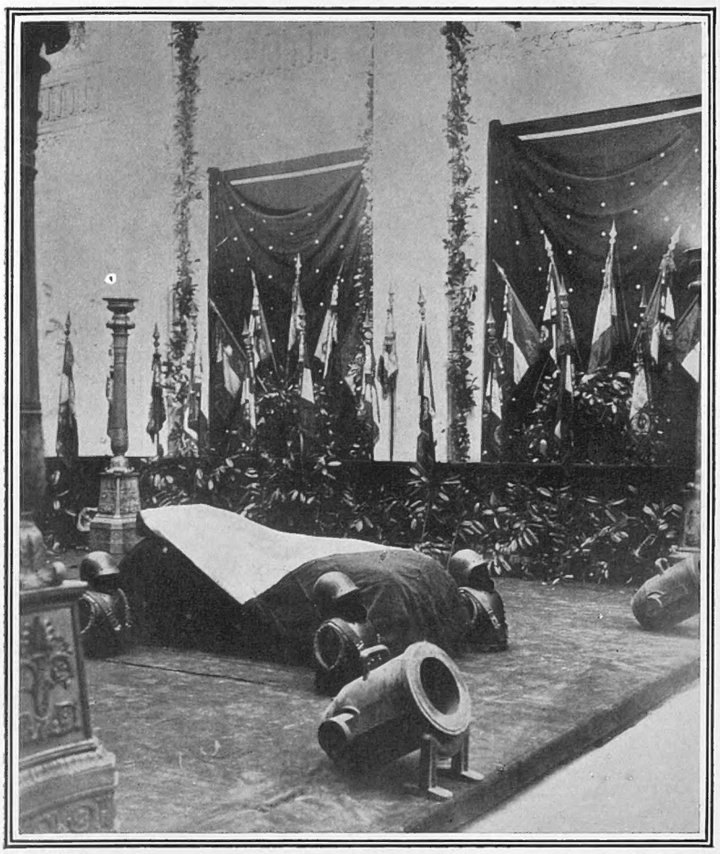
France.—Marshal Foch, General Sarrail, and Marshal Favolle.

Germany.—General Liman von Sanders, Field-Marshal von Falkenhayn, Admiral von Sheer, and Grand-Admiral von Tirpitz.

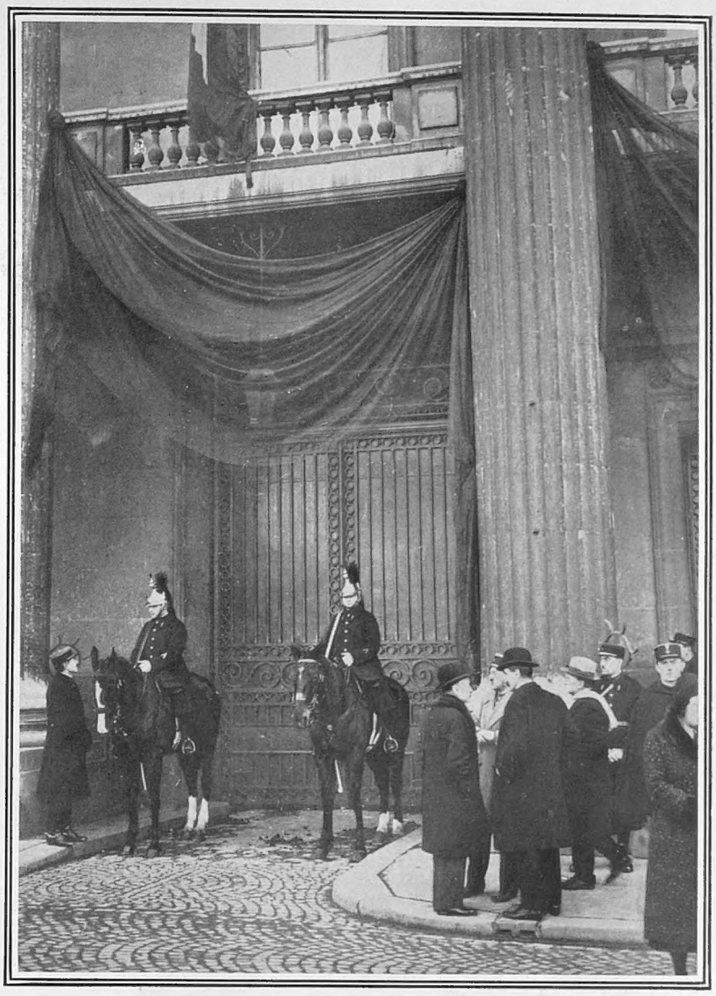
Italy.—General Cadorna and Marshal Diaz.

The Peasant SAVIOUR of FRANCE

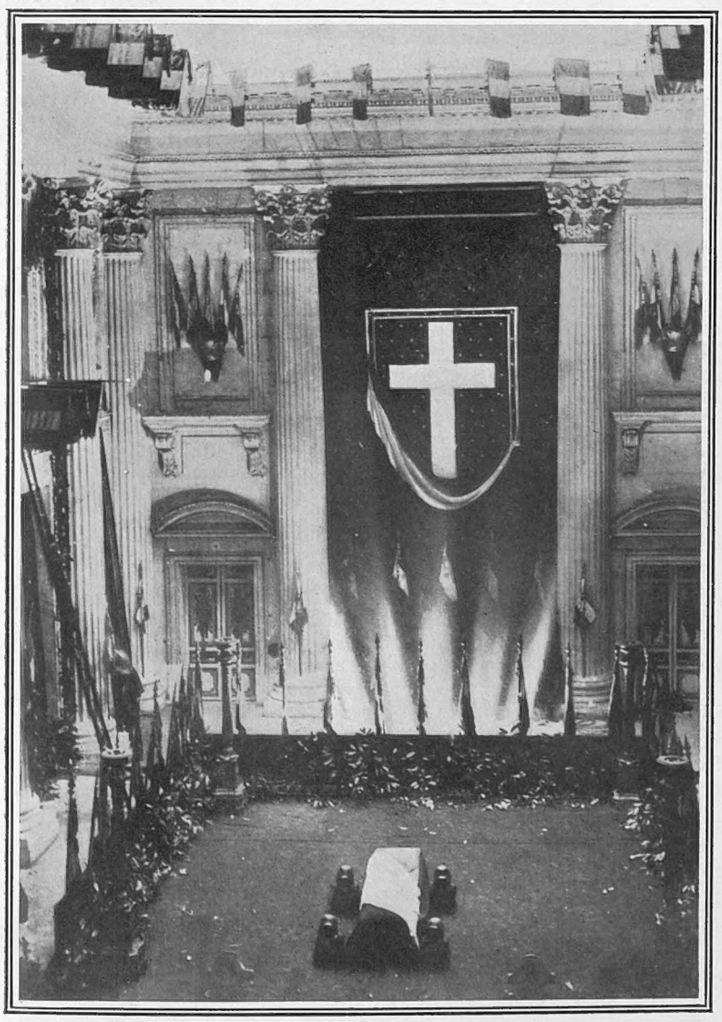
The Passing of Marshal Joffre



THE LYING IN STATE: The catafalque with the body of the Marshal enshrined beneath banners and guarded by armour in the Military School, Paris



ON GUARD: Sentinels provided by the Garde Républicaine at the entrance to the Military School, where the body of Marshal Joffre lay in state

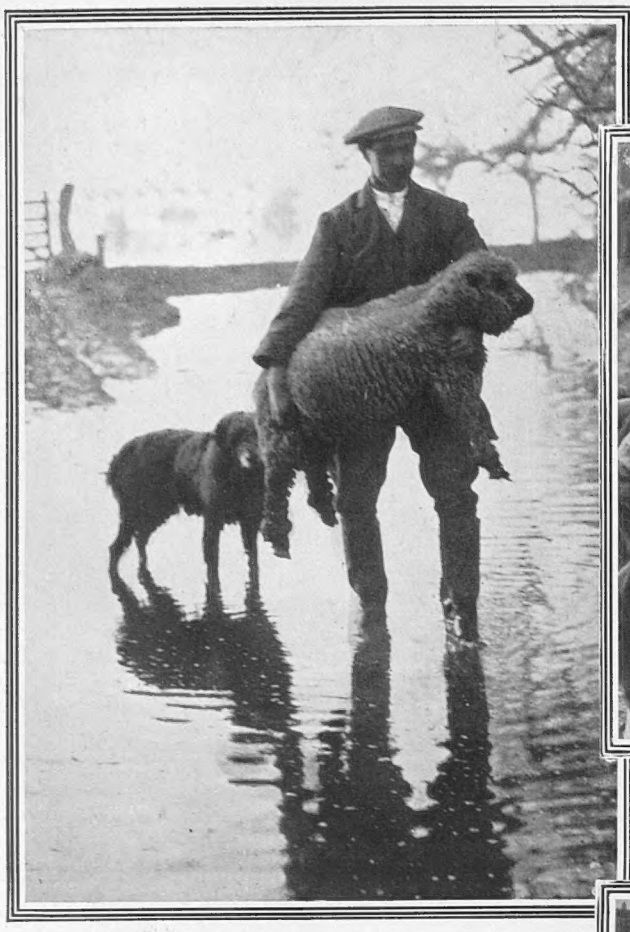


THE CHAPELLE ARDENTE: The decorated chapel of the Military School, Paris, gay with flowers, impressive with bunting

"THE MOURNERS GO ABOUT THE STREETS": The crowd in front of the Military School, Paris, waiting to file past the catafalque

The Generalissimo, son of a peasant cooper, who will be known in the history of to-morrow, as in the hearts of to-day, as the Victor of the Marne, lay in state in the Military School of Paris, and was given a State funeral on Wednesday. Huge crowds filed past the catafalque on which lay the body of "Papa," yielding to him in his death a homage he had not known since the days of his triumph. For Joffre was, though a Southerner and a Latin, far removed from the ordinary English conception of the Gasconading type. He was solid and sturdy with the gift, regarded rather as pre-eminently English, of being greater on the threshold of defeat than in the thunder-charge of victory. Superseded first by Nivelle and later by Foch, Joffre yet lingers in the imagination, eclipsing the former, unovershadowed by the latter. To him the world owes a debt—even his enemies have lauded him as an adversary—for even as he held at bay the invincible Conqueror of Mankind for days, in defiance of the specialists of medical science, by sheer will-power alone, so did he stem, by the exercise of those same qualities, in contravention of all the experts of military science, the deathly tide of the enemy from the citadel of his beloved France for ever.

LATE NEWS *of the* WEEK

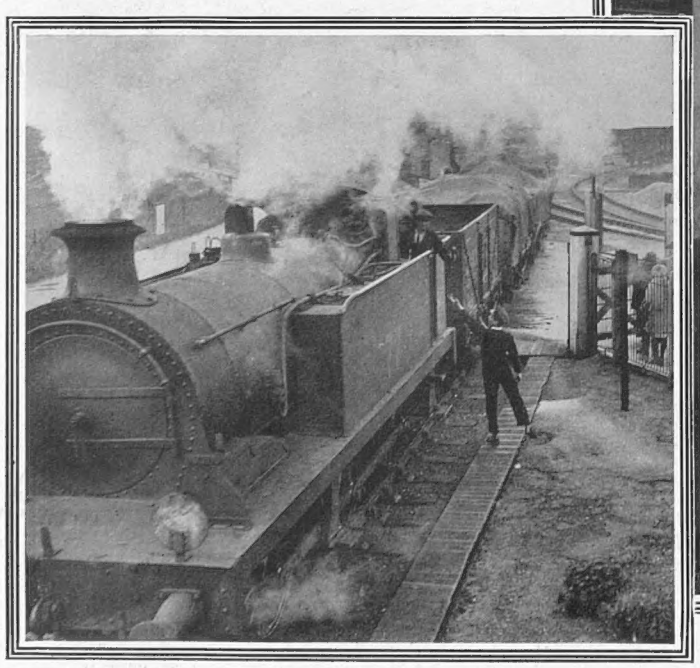


WANTED—AN ARK! A scene near Athelney which, even as last year, is the centre of a flooded area. There is, however, as yet no danger that the floods will prove serious

TRAGEDY ON THE LINE: The scene near Carlisle where the L.N.E.R. express from Edinburgh to London, running on the L.M.S. line jumped the points on a bend and buried itself in the ground. Workmen are seen above digging out the sunken engine. Three were killed and twenty injured in the crash

BOUND FOR PEKIN: Miss Amy Johnson (seen with her mechanic), who has been delayed on her flight Eastward by a forced landing in Amelin, Poland. She has expressed her hope to continue as far as Moscow

PROTAGONISTS—AND ANTAGONISTS—ON THE COAL QUESTION OF THE DAY: Representatives of owners and miners in Old Palace Yard, where they met to consider the draft final report of the Bristol dispute under the chairmanship of Sir Harold Morris. Yet another trade dispute on the *tapis* is the weavers' strike



THE OLDEST RAILWAY IN THE WORLD TO BE CLOSED FOR PASSENGERS: A scene on the Whitstable to Canterbury Line which has run for exactly a century. A signalman is seen above handing over the single-line working-staff

NINETY PER CENT OF THE SOUTH WALES MINERS IDLE: Miners from the Panallta Colliery, Ystrad Mynach, go to a meeting with the federation officials. 140,000 men have been out of work in this dispute, and many valuable orders have been lost through their defection. A National subsidy has been suggested but is scarcely likely to be granted by the Government. The deadlock between the Miners' Federation and the coal owners promises no solution as we go to press

ALFONSO XIII, *Rex et Dux*

A Letter from Barcelona Explaining the *Status Quo* in Spain

By FERDINAND TUOHY

BARCELONA.

An attempted revolution has been quelled but the Spanish problem is projected, in full, into the New Year.

That the fortunes of no other foreign king interest the English people one half as much as do those of King Alfonso hardly requires saying. There has long been the personal tie. Fearless, a sportsman, at once gay, cosmopolitan and (to us, at all events) democrat, and well-intentioned ruler, the young-appearing doyen of Europe's kings would have had "a good Press" in England even had he not taken to wife an English princess. "Il est sympathique." And intelligently alive, actively of the times. And his kingly philosophy ("that is my iob and I have to go through with it just as another man works")—has not the Prince taken more than a leaf from it? And, when his life is attempted: "One must take the risks of the profession." In sum: a *burra sahib*, viewed from without. But from within?

In inquiring into other peoples' revolutions it is eminently desirable to remain as objective as possible, the chances of taking sides and boring people being thereby lessened.

THE MAN OF THE MOMENT: King Alfonso, on whom the Spanish situation rests

My introduction to things Spanish was in the winter of 1925 when I called on Blasco Ibañez at Garavan. Blasco was then preparing to finance a flight of aeroplanes whose pilots were to maintain a pamphlet barrage on Spain with French Morocco as base. Herriot stopped that matter, and now at the Casa Rossa, Ibañez gave me a signed pamphlet to take away. It painted the King in the worst colours. Two years later I was at Seville when the Directorate was at its height. Not much grumbling or rumbling was audible then. Cortès or no Cortès, things were going well. Popular, 100 per cent. Spanish, Primo, governing from day to day on intuitive impulse and by strictly personal reaction, had not only courageously cut the Riffi losses, but the peseta, together with his grandiose scheme of public works, was going strong. Schools, roads, railways, ports, telephones, irrigation—all were being improved beyond recognition. And the Spanish Court the while maintained its brilliance of tradition in a country in much of which these things still counted.

Not habitually moving in such circles a notch was marked when our Consul took me to Their Majesties' supper-dance in the *Reina Cristina*, moored in the Guadalquiver during the *Feria* of 1927. All Spain was there that night. There was little wrong with Spain in April, 1927. Anarchists and Catalans, may be, and Labour feeling its way and the leader of the intellectuals, Professor Unamuno, banished to an island, and the newspapers "guided," and regime-nuisances in gaol, yet dynasty and directorate appeared to come in mostly for café-crème criticism; nothing strong. Students threw themselves about, but that is a way with them, although, personally, I have never understood why these plainly labelled greenhorns, welling with youth's radicalism prior to gaining experience, should be allowed to figure so prominently in revolutions. My last of Spain was meeting Major Franco in the Perroquet, Madrid's night-place-*de-luxe*, which gay haunt rose to him.

Well, now, here is Spain again—on the threshold of 1931. And "not so good," as they say over the ocean. The first change one notices is the public prints. The censorship no more, not a few of these play lightly and ironically with "Don Alfonso." Rapidly the essentially personal nature of the trouble is borne in upon one. On the one side a sovereign of forty-five years' standing intent on preserving prime say in the ruling of his country, not so much from high-and-mightiness as because he looks around and honestly sees nothing better in sight. On the other, a discredited political system trying to refind itself; the intelligentsia (freely so hopelessly unpractical in action); and that spate of the age—organized labour and communism. Wheels within wheels, of course, but so it seems to be, in broad outline. And things come to a head mainly through the drop in the peseta. Here is a *dramatis personæ*, followed by a resumé of the forces at work in Spain to-day:

ALPHONSO XIII.—First shown to his people on a golden salver. Has increasingly emitted personality ever since presiding over his first Cabinet meeting at the age of sixteen in 1902. Had had thirty-three Governments up to the *coup d'état* of 1923; was heartily sick of these because of their general corruption and ineptitude. But in sanctioning the extinction of representative government King Alfonso violated the Constitution of 1876 to which he had sworn his oath. Besides this, the Republicans have it against the king, rightly or wrongly, that he was personally responsible for the Annual disaster of 1921. The King is by common consent the most politically sagacious figure in the country, yet if he have patience and is cautious he is said to lack statesmanship. Imperious, and well aware of his own natural ascendancy over nearly all of those with whom he comes in contact, His Majesty is primarily a man of action and impulse. He would be Dux as well as Rex. You might imagine Victor Emmanuel with the attributes of a Mussolini, and seeking to capitalize the fact, and not be so far out in regard to what is happening on the personal side in Spain.

PRIMO DE RIVERA (SHADE OF).—The good that Primo did has not been interred with his bones. He is missed. He held the country together at a critical time, and might have gone on doing so but for his having antagonized the artillery. Failing health lessened a will said to have been veering in the direction of a revived Parliament.

GENERAL BERENGUER.—A popular figure with the Army, and whom the King "put in" to succeed Primo because the way that Army faces, governs Spain. Spain is strewn with dormant "Curraghs." This long-standing recognition of the Army as a break on the *politicos*—its in-mixture in politics—caused the shooting of Captain Galan and his aides to shock public opinion. But the King has issued a *fiat* which is: "Who kills my Civil Guard, dies." Berenguer was dismissed from the Army after Annual; put in a fortress by Primo for burrowing under the Directorate; was salved by King Alfonso. A pale shadow of his predecessor, Berenguer can sit successfully on things but has shown small aptitude for decreasing the chances of ultimate explosion.

SEÑOR CAMBO.—Ex-Catalan leader and hope of the Constitutionalists. Is prepared to take office under the monarchy, following a general election. Widely considered the most capable politician, with particular reference to finance and economics.

MAJOR FRANCO.—Atlantic air "ace" who was not content with hero-worship and with receiving something like £20,000 (vanished), but expected to hop to the head of the air service. A young man in a hurry, apparently anxious to grab for the air the hegemony, the "last word" heretofore possessed by the artillery. Pioneer of aerial revolution. Now in flight.

CONDE DE ROMANONES.—Liberal leader who in 1923 implored Alfonso to return to Constitutionalism.

CONDE DE BUGLALOL.—Conservative leader. Each is anti-Republican provided Cortès is re-instituted.

SANCHEZ GUERRA.—Former Premier and principal anti-monarchical force, considering it impossible again to carry on under Alfonso XIII. In this he is at one with influential Señor Alba, ex-Foreign Minister. In 1928 Guerra had to be interned by the Navy. An Army court-martial later acquitted him. He has an Army following.

In the movement for and against a Republic Spain may conveniently be divided into six estates:

Peasantry	Armed Forces
*Bourgeoisie	*Intellectuals
Clericals	Workers

* These dovetail.

THE PEASANTS still live feudally, 45 per cent. to 75 per cent. illiterate, and spread over vast spaces, and own allegiance to the King because their masters do. Totalling a considerable proportion of Spain's 22,000,000, they only want to be left in peace, the new-fangled notions and motions being so much Greek to them. It is the now old story of the only really contented stratum being sucked into the vortex of "Progress" and "Ideas."

THE BOURGEOISIE in Spain is not big and is cleft in twain—half professional and intellectual class (see University below) which is Republican, and half Clerical. As an intense individualist who will not even obey his own Alcade, the average Spaniard outside advanced circles and Labour dreads a regime which would cut in more on his personal liberty. This may seem to have been taken from him by the closing of the Cortès, yet it is hardly the same thing as if our legislative assembly were shut up. The Spaniard is far more interested in local than tin public affairs, and provided business went well and he could slay every *politico* over his café-crème, he might without much straining be content again under the dynasty. The Republican bourgeoise is certainly in a minority in his social category.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH is the principal prop of the monarchy outside of the Army. By right every Catholic in Spain should be anti-Republican, but now is not. The Clerical Party forms the opposition bloc to the "Liberal professions" and the students, and if and when Spanish women get the vote, would undoubtedly gain greatly in strength. The King has always been publicly observant in his devotions.

THE ARMY, and particularly the artillery, holds the fate of Spain in its hands. Just as in the South American Republics the Army makes constitutional and governmental changes when it chooses. Through all the insurrections, civil wars, abdications, pronunciamentos of last century, the Army played a dominant part which other countries would not tolerate for a second. Spain is to-day deluged with officers, and the resultant military juntas can have little time for their *métier*, so permanently immersed are they in politics. Provided the Army is well paid and sees all its privileges retained—as is at present occurring—it will stand by the King in its overwhelming majority. Would the Army, which has virtually ruled for seven years, be

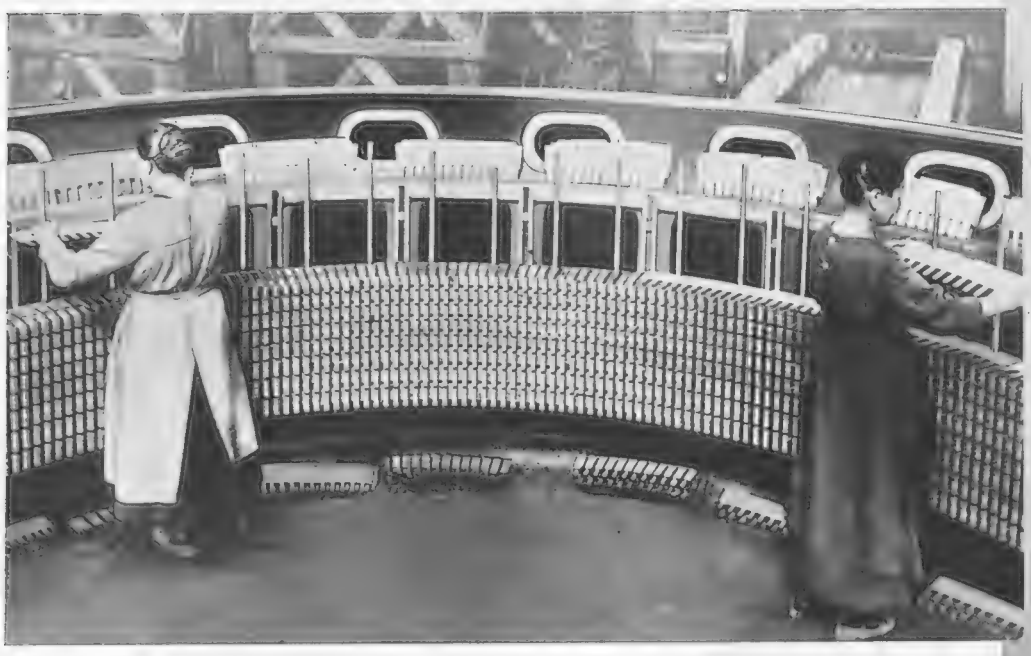
(Continued on p. 70)

LEADER OF AN UNSUCCESSFUL REVOLUTION: Major Franco who, forced to flee from Spain after the failure of his coup, has arrived in Antwerp where he was met by Colonel Macia, who is also in exile. Señor Rada, the mechanic who flew the Atlantic with Major Franco arrived in Antwerp with his chief and is seen above on left

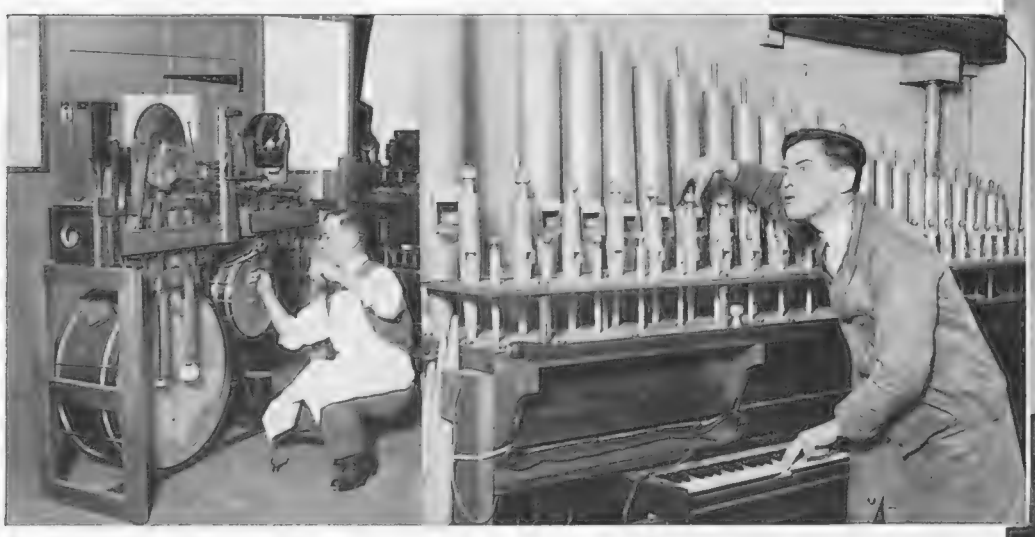
b

WONDERS *of the* MODERN WORLD

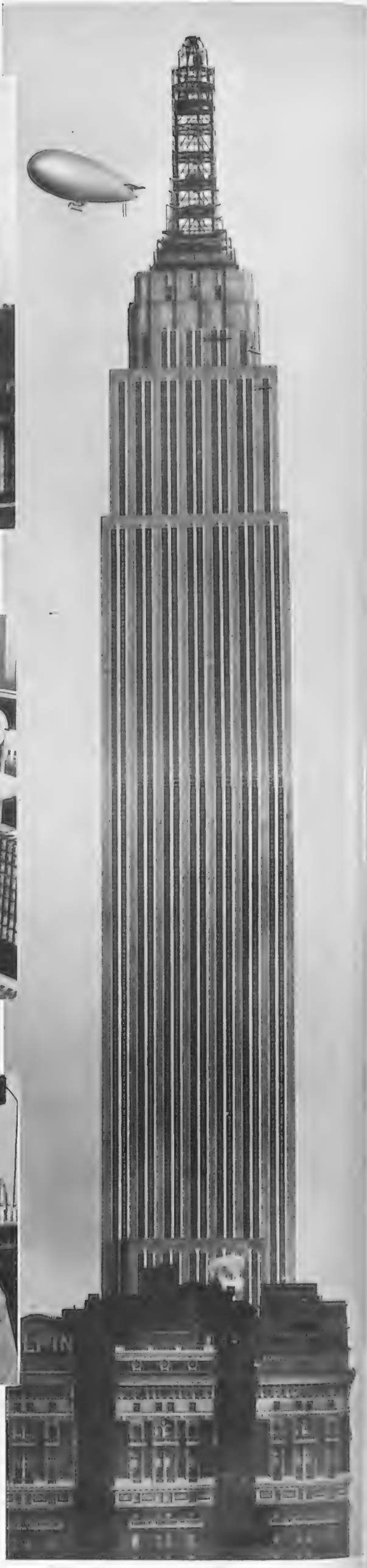
THE WORLD'S BIGGEST BUILDING: This building recently came into the newspapers owing to the explosion of a time bomb, causing damage to the extent of £4,000. The building known as the American Furniture Mart, Chicago, is claimed to be the most stupendous (though not the highest) building in the world; it has a massive and dignified exterior



WOMAN'S WORK: As women have a more delicate sensitivity in their finger-tips than men, they are engaged in putting magnetic plates on to a generator; in building the huge magnetic fields of to-day, thousands of these little plates are required



A WONDER ORGAN: The new organ now being built at the Wimbledon Town Hall is different from any other town hall organ in the country, for it combines two instruments, a complete concert organ for the performance of classical music and an orchestral organ to provide music for dancing and variety shows. It is being built by the John Compton Organ Co., and in addition to three manual keyboards of 61 notes each and a pedal-board of 32 notes, has 200 other control devices. It has a multitude of pipes equal to 61 clarinets, 61 oboes, and so on for each instrument. *On left* is seen the assembling of the complete jazz band of the organ, which includes a zylophone and various effects, and *on right* the tuning



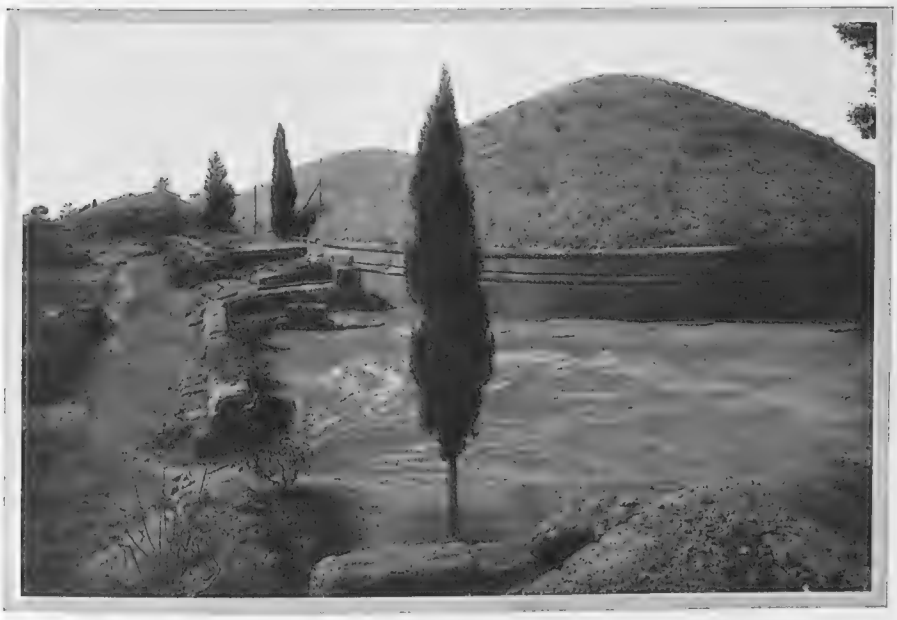
On right—AMERICA'S CONCRETE EVEREST: The 85-storey Empire State Building, erected on the site of the Waldorf Astoria Hotel on the corner of 34th Street and 5th Avenue tops all other edifices—even the 77-storey Chrysler Building. U.S. Navy blimps are testing the mooring mast at the summit as regards its suitability as a landing place for transatlantic airships

ETRUSCAN TOMBS

Now being Unearthed by Professor Mengarelli

THE TOMB OF THE VASES: In this two-roomed grave were found, besides these vases, many drinking-cups with stems and wide handles in black (bucchero) earthenware

"THE TOMB OF THE LITTLE HOUSE": This grave in the Etruscan Cemetery at Caere dates back to the fifth century B.C. Above is a general view of the cemetery at Caere (Cervetri). The circular tombs are of the seventh century B.C. The small staircase on the left leads to a pool



RELICS OF THE EARLIEST ETRUSCAN CIVILIZATION: Circular tombs of the seventh and eighth centuries B.C. on the principal road in the Etruscan cemetery at Caere (Cervetri)

Caere, the ancient Etruscan city, is partly hidden under olive groves, partly by the town of Cervetri. It is difficult when one looks at this small town with its few steep roads cut on theatrically-stark, tufa rocks, to believe that once it spread all over the upland, and like Veio, housed nearly eighty thousand people.

Between the town and the ancient cemetery, the largest cemetery in the ancient or modern world—1,200 acres in extent—lies a valley. And every inch of land has made history. In the distance is Traquinia where are the frescoed tombs described in Dennis's classic book on Etruria, and nearer, a few houses mark Caere's ancient sea-port, Pyrgi, from where the war fleet sailed to fight the Phocaens in Corsica.

I had read in Professor MacIver's book, *The Etruscans*, that "the excavations recently made by Professor Mengarelli, at Cervetri, have entirely changed the whole aspect of this city of the dead which now stands in its completeness as perfect as if it were a part of Pompeii." So, in answer to a word from Professor Mengarelli, telling me that he was about to open an untouched tomb, I left at once for Cervetri. It was a keen surprise to find the ancient high road of the cemetery worn, as at Pompeii, by chariot wheels. In all that I afterwards saw with my learned guide, that trace of once living man among acres given to the dead brought back to me all we know of the gaiety of these people who made even their graves into pleasant and cheerful places.

Indeed, later in the day, when Professor Mengarelli and I sat on the grass, scented with thyme, mint, and mugwort, and watching the thin young corn, green over hidden graves, we drank water that flowed through conduits the Etruscans had made, and ate bread grown on the same land that had given corn to Caere when it was still Agylla, the archeologist became for me a magician who with a word uncovered the miles spreading out before us, and made them live with the people of a past age. We went to the tomb of the Tarquins where, scratched on the walls in Etruscan, are the names of the various members of that family buried there. Professor Mengarelli read aloud their names. "Is it only names that can be read in Etruscan?" I asked. "No, we can read the language now, but we do not know the meaning of what we read. But some day the Rosetta Stone of Etruscan will be found. Who knows if it be not hidden under our feet?"

We were out again and stood on the threshold of a tomb built like a small Etruscan house. The sunlight shone on to the sloping ceiling and on the stone benches on either side. A mattress and a fire burning and it would be as habitable as the newest house. Then down once more to the depths into a large room where, in the niches all round were stucco pillows painted. "Here they were laid sleeping in beds as in life," said the professor. "But they must have been embalmed?" "Yes," he answered, "something of the sort was done or the tombs could not have been opened, time after time, for other members of a family." On the pillars of this tomb were carved representations of kitchen utensils, and in a corner of a dog barking. One of the most remarkable of all the tombs is in the shape of a small temple with naves on either side, leading towards what appeared to be an altar. This, on inspection, turned out to be a large double-bed in a raised cubicle cut out of the tufa. Everywhere it is the same, the dead were laid on ledges, like beds, and in tombs that were copies of their houses. Nowhere was there a sense of dankness or gloom. The tufa-carved tombs are dry, the air in them is fresh, and all the signs left by those who built them show that they led pleasant and easy lives.

We also saw the Tomb of the Sarcophagi where three beautiful white alabaster sarcophagi are left where they were found. They are gashed with holes through which thieves long ago had hunted for the jewels of the dead. Professor Mengarelli is now trying, wherever it is possible, to leave intact the graves as they are found, and it is certainly much more interesting to see the objects where they were originally placed than in museums.

We were told that the tomb to be opened was now cleared of earth, and quickly we walked to where a wide trench had been cut, near to the field of young corn. There we waited looking down at the two men who stood by a large stone, placed against an opening in the rock. The stone was moved. No one spoke. The men stepped aside, and Professor Mengarelli, in spite of the heavy mud, crept into the tomb. In that moment of waiting, in the sun and wind, with the sound of a distant aeroplane buzzing of life, one had to think of those who, seven hundred years before Christ, had stood where we were standing, and had watched the heavy stone fall into its place.

Professor Mengarelli reappeared, holding a black (bucchero) cup in his hand. I went down, and looked into the darkness where, by then, a man was holding a small lantern. On the two benches, where the dead had lain, were many vases and cups, of exquisite form, unbroken and intact.

YOI MARAINI.

PAWS OF THE SCARLET SPHINX: MM. Kalinin and Stalin, the Foreign Minister and the Dictator of the Soviet

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on

WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

THE SCARLET SPHINX.—The mystery of Red Russia is becoming a world phenomenon. You cannot destroy that mystery.

For ten years Russia has utterly mystified the outside world. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the world has insisted on mystifying itself about Russia. Is still doing so. Since the dawn of history, mystery has had a hypnotic lure for mankind. One need but look at the literature on the bookstalls to-day.

Red Russia presents the tantalizing riddle of the Sphinx to newspapers, journalists, diplomats, secret-service agents, book-writers, tourists, learned commissions, business men, who have all contributed to the deepening of that mystery. They are still contributing to it by their conflicting reports, contradictory observations, small sector-like views, diverse opinions, false prophecies. Individuals and newspapers have made themselves ridiculous by predictions and forecasts of what would happen in Russia, but did not happen. Or what was alleged to have happened but had not.

A short time ago the Press was full of reports again of "Revolution in Russia," overthrow of Stalin, revolt in the Red Army, from mysterious sources. The news spread over the world with all the speed that cables, telegraphs, and wireless could carry it. It even alarmed Moscow, and forced the Sphinx of the Kremlin to break silence. Stalin received Eugène Lyons, Moscow correspondent of the United Press, and in the presence of Voroshiloff, head of the Red Army, who was reported to have overthrown the Stalin regime, Stalin gave the American an interview, read it before it was put on the wire to create a journalistic sensation, and wrote at the bottom "More or less true."

Two days later, Walter Duranty, Englishman, recognized journalistic authority on Russia, correspondent of the *New York Times*, got into the Kremlin to Stalin and cabled a four column interview. H. R. Knickerbocker of the *New York Evening Post* goes to Russia and writes twenty odd articles on the "Red Economic Menace." Edwin L. James of the *New York Times* spends a few days in Moscow and writes a series on what he saw—and heard—and thought. Ray Long, editor-in-chief of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, *Good Housekeeping*, and a string of other magazines, rushes to Moscow to have a look at the "mystery of Russia." Charmion von Wiegand, clever daughter of America's most famous foreign correspondent, writes pages of colourful description of the trial of the self-confessed "Saboteurs." British, French, German, Italian diplomats in Moscow who can telegraph in cipher and uncensored. Several score of American, and hundreds of German engineers employed in Russia, each group presumably with avenues at their disposal to get out information were it necessary. Business men. Do they succeed in dissipating the mystery of Russia? Not in the slightest!

What is the reason or cause for the continuance of a mystery that is not—or should no longer be—a mystery?

Propaganda and counter-propaganda. The love of mystery. Lastly, but far from least, censorship of the Press and of Press despatches, the mystery of Russia will live as long as that censorship lives. It makes the silliest news despatch from the border plausible.

RELIEF FOR THE BULGAR CLERICS. — The proverbial penury of inadequately paid clergy has at last inspired a statesman to practical action. Grigor Vassileff, Bulgarian Minister of Agriculture, was shocked to discover from the latest survey that the government budget of £58,000 a year for the entire Bulgarian national hierarchy has to be divided amongst 2,364 clergy of all ranks. That means an average of a few shillings more than £24 a year for each man. The fourteen archbishops get £11 a month each. Priests graduated from a University begin their church career on about £2 5s. a month, which is gradually increased to the maximum of £3 a month after twenty-seven years' service. Those educated at secondary schools get twenty-five shillings a month, and £2 a month long-service maximum. But the village priests, who have had no more than primary school preparation, receive from twenty to forty shillings a month. These pittances are supplemented by the customary fees for baptisms, marriages, and funerals, but the Bulgarian is poor, with little money to spare for voluntary church support after he has wrested the necessities from a life of privation and hardship.

Grigor Vassileff realizes this, and recently submitted a scheme to his government whereby a cultivable plot of land and agricultural implements should be placed at the disposal of the village priests to help maintain him and his dependants during the priest's term of office. The land and implements would form part of his emoluments, to be passed on to his successor on death or resignation, there being no question of his family inheriting the land.

HERITORS OF PASHT.—Benito Mussolini, reincarnated modern Cæsar as Duce of Italy has declared war on the Forum cats. The feline tribe, numbering more than one hundred, has been outlawed "owing to their archæological incompatibility" with the New Rome, thousands of years old, which Mussolini is uncovering by excavations. Amongst the very commendable archæological work in the Holy City, ordered by the Duce, is the cleaning-up and laying bare of further sections of the Forum. This monument of Rome's past glories and world power has too long been defiled and profaned by the cats. Too long has the Forum been called by some the "Temple of the Cats," reminding one of the "Temple of the Monkeys" in Benares, which I visited three years ago. So holds Mussolini, and he orders them removed. The cats of Rome must go. That is his decree. They are mentioned in almost every guide-book, and few, very few, tourists leave the Italian capital without a pilgrimage of human interest to the Sanctuary of Cats in the Eternal City.

But they are the Sacred Cats, and special pets of the Roman citizens. The same morning that the Roman Animal Lovers' Society published an appeal on their behalf, twenty offers were received from private individuals desirous of "adopting" a Forum cat.

Lisbon, I also found to be well populated with popular cats. In the Portuguese capital it is considered unlucky to kill a cat. Kittens are not drowned and find easy hospitality. An English girl, Miss Mabel Norton, who has lived there twenty years, was telling me that a cat with newborn kittens is solicitously fed by anyone and everyone aware of her plight. For so many years have the Lisbon cats securely increased and multiplied that a short time ago the government decided to take action and thin out the catty population. They sent carts round at night to collect five thousand cats by way of a start. The Portuguese resisted, and the government finding itself faced with ominous national protest, thereupon left the city to the cats and the cats to the citizens.

REPRESENTING RUSSIA IN BERLIN: M. Chintschuk leaving the presidential palace after presenting his credentials to Field-Marshal President von Hindenburg

WANTED—A PANACEA.—With the New Year the civilized world has entered upon the most gigantic economic task in history. That is, to find the roots and causes for the unprecedented universal depression, and to get the vast, world-wide economic machine running smoothly again.

Failure to do so will be an incentive to more revolutions, and certain to hasten the destruction of an economic system that no longer works properly. The mechanism—call it "Capitalism" or what you will—is creaking and groaning, working increasingly jerkily and spasmodically, slowing down. . . .

The wheels of production and consumption of commerce and trade of one nation no longer grip smoothly into the wheels of other nations. Such synchronization is essential to the world economic machine as a whole. From Tokio in the East, to London and New York in the West: from Cape Town and Buenos Aires in the South, New Zealand and Australia, to Moscow and Stockholm, Alaska and Siberia in the North, is heard the rattle and "knock" in this world engine. The greatest economic engineers tinker with it in vain. Differing as to the causes, they differ as to remedies. Mr. Hoover, mighty President of a mighty America, again and again opens the throttle. Futility. Slower move the wheels. Yet eighteen months ago that same America was flamboyantly flaunting its "better than thou" flag of prosperity. To-day it is credited with five to seven million unemployed.

The economic machine no more responds to the command of the Communist Stalin in Russia, Fascist Mussolini in Italy, the Labour-leader MacDonald in England, than it does to the "Capitalist" Hoover in America.

The stream of motor-cars from the factories in the United States is growing thinner and thinner. The wheat and hides of Argentina, wool and meats of Australia, the coffee stocks of Brazil and Java, rubber production of Malaya and Sumatra, the tea-crops of China, India, and Ceylon, the wheat of Canada, textile fabrics of Lancashire, are not moving as formerly. There is not a corner of the globe where this strange phenomenon is not felt. Millions in Europe, China, India, even in America, are hungry. Expert economists talk mystically of a "law of economics." But they make it no clearer than does Einstein his "Law of Relativity." Like the Rain Doctors and Medicine Men of Africa they prophecy the rain of "Prosperity." And just as vainly. There is no more agreement on the cause, or causes, than there is on the Only Right Road to Heaven.

A variety of names is given to this economic epidemic, such as German Reparations, Allied Debts, Armaments, Prohibition, High Tariffs—to mention a few. The fact seems to be quite clear that even the wisest economists, financiers, bankers, statesmen, really do not know.

The wealth that was in the world has not mysteriously evaporated. Gold and silver have not been melted down. The monies of the nations have not been destroyed. What then has happened?

To solve this mystery, and to apply the remedies, is the great task in 1931.

The SURVEY *of* THE SPHERE

A NOTED BUDDHIST OF JAPAN: Miss Kyozen Ki Tagawa, a nun-priest of Jyodo, a sect of the faith of Gautama, who was the only nun to pass the examination held at Taisho University, Okuba, admitting successful candidates to the exalted order of Rittshi

FEMININE CHINA UP TO DATE: Chang Hsueh-liang and his wife on a visit to President Chiang Kai-shek and his wife in Nankin

PRINCE UMBERTO OF SAVOY INAUGURATES A BARRACKS: The Crown Prince of Italy inspects the Balilla *when inaugurating the new barracks of the Twenty-ninth Pitched Artillery Regiment, which has been named after the war-sacred stream of Italy, the Piave, where so many lives were lost in the Great War*

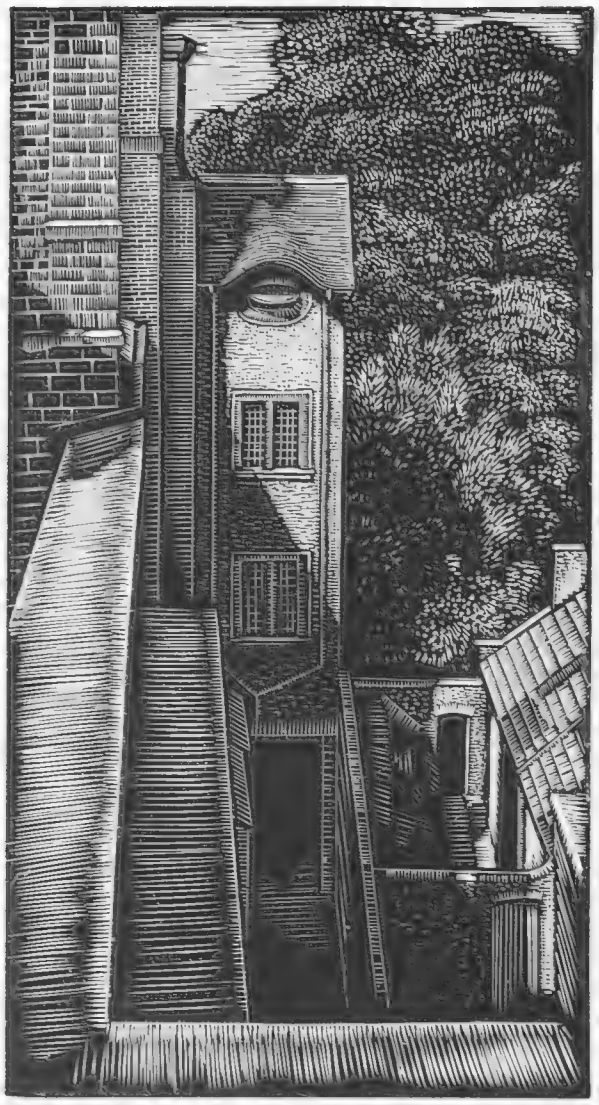
MANŒUVRES IN THE SNOW: An advance guard on patrol in the woods near Schwerin on the Warthe, where the German Army winter manœuvres were held

IN THE SHADOW OF THE GRAVE OF SUN YAT-SEN: Chang Hsueh-liang, son of Chang Tso-ling, the tiger of Manchuria and present Manchurian War Lord (wearing spats), and President Chang Kai-shek (in cloak)

Chinese women are rapidly taking a leading place in the life of the country as teachers, magistrates, trade union officials, propagandists, secretaries, diplomats, doctors, and actresses. Yet there can be traced in the hostility to the Nankin Government, especially implied by the epithet "Soong dynasty," a deep-rooted prejudice against interference by women in affairs of State. The name "Soong dynasty" was given because Chiang Kai-shek married the sister of Sun Yat-sen's widow, while H. H. Kung, Minister of Commerce, was husband to another sister, and the position of Minister of Finance is filled by T. V. Soong, their brother.

600 YEARS OF CLARE

A Pictorial Review of the Great History of the Second Old



GRUMBOLD'S TOWER AND KITCHEN PASSAGE: Seen from the Chapel leads, north range of Clare College

THE SERPENTINE CUP: This fine tankard is made from highly-polished silicate of magnesia, mounted with silver. The thumb-piece is formed of a grotesque figure. It was given by Dr. Butler, and is a magnificent example of sixteenth-century English work dating back to 1580

THE FALCON CUP: This is a Flemish piece (c. 1560) of silver The head of the bird is removable. cup bears an erect hand crowned (Ant the date letter C, and the maker's m pan-pipes in a shield

GILBERT DE CLARE, THE RED EARL: From one of the famous set of stained glass portraits in Tewkesbury Abbey

GROUP OF THE CREW OF THE MAY BOAT OF 1867: Bow. W. A. G. (9 st. 4 lb.). 2. E. Price (10 st. 8 lb.). 3. C. Harrison (10 st. 12 lb.). 4. F. D. Hall (C. 10 st. 7 lb.). 5. G. T. Beatson (10 st. 7 lb.). 6. J. Field (10 st. 10 lb.). 7. G. C. Et (10 st. 6 lb.). Stroke. H. Lowe (11 st. 2 lb.). Cox. J. R. Towse (9 st. 4 lb.)—a surprisingly ligh

One of the most impressive, comprehensive, and luxurious histories of any particular college ever published is the history of Clare College presented by the Cambridge University Press in two volumes at £6 6s. in honour of the six hundredth anniversary of the college's foundation (1326–1926). So considerable has been the work entailed, however, that it is only now, four years after the actual date, that the second volume has been completed. Mr. Mansfield D. Forbes, the Editor, is to be congratulated upon a masterly, as the publishers upon a magnificent, production. The House of Clare, one member of which, the "Red Earl" (who was knighted by de Montfort and married a daughter of Edward I) appears on this page; the foundation of the college which ranks second to Peterhouse only, and which was first called University Hall, the college livings and estates, the architectural m from both an æsthetic and an historical view-point the history of the college and its alumni, espe those of literary and artistic pre-eminence form subjects treated of in the first volume. It is h and disputed—that one of the most famous of the A was Chaucer. Latimer, the great martyr. Dr. B Tillotson, the Cornwalllises, father and son, members of the great Pelham family, the Town Robert Greene, Ruggle, Whitehead, Dr. Dodd, Hervey of Ickworth, Lord Macclesfield, B Gould, Cecil Sharpe, and Denis Browne are a those mentioned.

Volume II is devoted to the College plat metal work, the library, amusements, and athletics the songs—*Carmen Clarense*. Great Gransden

COLLEGE

Cambridge College

LORD CORNWALLIS—1738–1805: Commander-in-Chief in America, Governor-General of India, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland

THE WEST FRONT OF CLARE COLLEGE FROM FELLOWS' GARDEN: A Lamborn view of about 1780. The view is interesting as showing the delightful garden surroundings of the College at this period. An attractive formal pergola of clipped trees runs across the view. The roof of King's College Chapel figures in the background

CLARE BRIDGE EMBOWERED IN SUMMER SPLENDOUR: A view of the famous Clare Bridge spanning the graceful stream of the Cam from a west front dormer top of Clare College

THE POISON TANKARD.—This famous item of the College plate dates from about 1580. It gains its name from a tradition that the glass body and the polished crystal in the cover would instantly be discoloured by any poison in the wine

long intimately connected with Clare, and Nicholas Ferrar, the founder of a religious community at Little Gidding, have each a chapter devoted to them.

The College had also considerable American interests, and these, too, are given full recognition and are interestingly described in the book.

This really stupendous work—700 quarto pages—has the additional merit of being profusely illustrated in colour, and in black and white; while perchance the greatest recommendation lies in its style, which is scholarly without pedantry, diverting without flippancy, and comprehensive without dullness.

"Bon pour le Service Armé"

The Theory of Conscription in Peace-time is One much to the Fore in View of the Peace-talk so Prevalent all Over the World. Below, an Impartial and well-qualified Observer Describes the Procedure and Gives Sidelights on Military Service in France

By JOSSLEYN HENESSEY

Six months before our picture was taken the twenty-one-year-old boy holding the basket received an *avis* to go before the *Conseil de revision*. The unhappy shadow of his military service loomed over him. For let it not be imagined that compulsory military service is any more popular with the French than it would be with us.

The Frenchman is commonly supposed by the Englishman to live seated at a café, drinking absinthe, in a state of perpetual patriotic fervour, proclaiming passionately his love of *La belle France*. It may be true that at critical moments during an attack he can be carried away by an emotion of flaming patriotism foreign to the more Bairnsfatherish English temperament; but at ordinary times, apart from the fact that the manufacture of absinthe has long been forbidden by the State, his hours of leisure are more likely to be occupied in the French national sport, which is to sit in his own special corner of the café surrounded by his friends in close discussion. Everything is discussed in France. André Siegfried was once asked by an Englishman whether the Frenchman did not regard his military service as an unmitigated bore; Siegfried agreed, but with a twinkle, added that as a minor recompense it offered him magnificent opportunities for conversation. Where the Englishman goes off to play tennis, the Frenchman discusses Maurois's new book on his queer neighbours, the *intransigeance* of the Germans, the financiers who rob, or the bandits who govern him.

When one reflects that for the vast majority of Frenchmen, military service involves the interruption of their business or career for a year to live a hard life away from their homes, subject to severe discipline, one can readily understand that their feelings are no different from what our own would be.

On receipt of his *avis*, the conscript recruit goes before the medical board inspection which is held in the *Mairie* of his town. There he is, as in England, told to strip, and waits shivering with a greater or smaller number of other shy, naked citizens. (The Frenchman "shivers," but an Englishman would probably find the tightly shut window and quivering centrally-heated atmosphere barely supportable, even without his clothes.)

The French army is an entirely democratic affair, and no amount of influence will spare a man his service or enable him to start in anything but the ranks. If, therefore, our friend is a young man of substance—a *fils de famille*—he carefully puts on his oldest clothes, and as carefully refrains from putting on side; the first to avoid the not unknown predicament of returning from the examination to find his clothes all gone, and the second to avoid insult as well as injury. His examination may pass him *bon pour le service armé* (general service) or *bon pour le service auxiliaire* (clerical, hospital, etc.).

If he is passed *bon pour l'armé*, he goes out with his new-found *copains*, and all having bought tricolour cockades with the words *bon pour l'armé* inscribed upon them, they *font la bombe*—"go on the bust"—probably for twenty-four hours. With aching head and empty pockets our friend returns to his home and business for the next six months.

A short time before THE SPHERE picture was taken he received a letter instructing him to report himself on a certain date to proceed to his regiment. If he had any influence the utmost that it could achieve was to get him into the regiment of his choice, though even here slips 'twixt cup and lip are possible; a French friend ruefully told me how he had pulled every wire to get into the cavalry during the War, but when he received his instructions to join up he found that the Fifty-fourth Cavalry, to which he was drafted, had been dismounted. To his respectful complaints his patron pointed out that he had realized his heart's desire and was in the cavalry, what had he to complain about?

On arrival at the depôt barracks, he files with the other recruits before a sergeant at a desk, who takes down his name and profession in civil life. The French military mind, in one respect at any rate, does not differ from our own in its desire to avoid putting a man on to a job that he knows, so the expert telegraphist in civil life is as a matter of course sent to help the military cook, while the civil cook is sent to learn telegraphy. His next few weeks are spent in settling down to a strenuous existence with plenty of exercise and good plain food in an atmosphere of Kipling japes—such as apple-pie beds for the unsuspecting and weary recruit returning late from leave. Whether he is happy or not depends on his ability to adapt himself with good humour to this rough life.

René Arnaud, the learned historian of the Second Empire, laughingly told me the following story against himself; when he was called up during the War, the depôt of his regiment was in territory occupied by the Germans, consequently he and his newly-joined friends could not at once be supplied with uniforms, and everytime he sloped arms, he knocked off the straw boater hat which was all that he had to wear, to the intense amusement of his comrades and the voluble fury of his sergeant.

Conditions vary widely in different barracks; some are renowned for the fierceness of their insect life, others for the inconveniences of their water supply. With his other new experiences must be included the domestic rigours of washing and mending his own clothes. It is on manœuvres, however, that he and his friends will begin to compensate themselves for discomfort, by the illicit joys of stealthy raids on the poultry of the countryside, which will end in magnificent and secret feasts. He quickly assimilates the three leading pre-occupations of the French soldier's life: 1. Food; 2. Leave; and 3. *L'amour*. The French military authorities are realists over No. 3. They say clearly to themselves, man will not live without woman, better therefore that we see to it that his adventures bring him no harm.

These observations on French military service naturally lead one to ask the question: Does military service tend to make France a militarist nation? The best reply to this question was suggested to me by a recent chance meeting in Paris. A friend and I had left the flat where we had been gathered round the central heating, smoking and talking until about half-past two in the morning. The parting of our ways in the Champs Élysées found us outside a closed and deserted café with all its little tables and chairs packed up outside; so strongly did we each feel the necessity of persuading the other of the errors of his point of view that we disentangled a couple of chairs and a table and continued our talk. Imagine discovering two good citizens solemnly discussing life at a little table on the pavement at three o'clock in the morning in Piccadilly!

Some twenty minutes later the side door of the café opened and the night watchman appeared. He was one of the finest type of Frenchman, an uneducated man of the people, stocky, thickset, powerful, grizzled, and with the good humour that comes of good living and courtesy. Our behaviour seemed very natural to him, and with obvious enjoyment at the idea of a good talk in prospect, he retired into the café and a moment later set some steaming hot coffee before us, then he waved his hand with a deferential gesture of innate politeness and took down a chair for himself beside us. The fact that he was talking to an American and an Englishman led him naturally to the War. We were agreed that no one in their senses wanted war, how then did wars arise? We were silent for a moment. Then, puffing at his *caporal* cigarette, and phrasing his words in beautiful French, he said:

"*Messieurs*, here we are, an American, an Englishman, and a Frenchman, sitting round a table in amicable and agreeable discussion. We agree, we disagree, and we part good friends, I, for my part, hoping that you will visit me again if you are ever this way at this time of the night. But now suppose us to be the Foreign Ministers of our respective countries discussing their affairs. You, personally, may agree with the force of my arguments and may be willing to concede some material point; but you are at once afraid that your parliamentary opposition will accuse you of betraying your country, not because they themselves necessarily believe this, but simply because it is a means of turning you out of power. You are no superman. What do you do?

You say to me firmly that your country cannot concede that, and there comes to your mind and to my mind our glorious regiments, our invincible fleets—a picture of the might and dignity of our nations, which as Cabinet Ministers we have the full power to call into concrete being. I will not be outdone by your firmness, and perhaps I hint with meaning that my country will be forced to protect its interests. We retire and present our cases to our two national Presses, which convince our fellow citizens that the perfidious foreigner is up to his old tricks again. From that moment the movement rolls like a snowball. You and I as private citizens have no power but that of persuasion; you and I as Cabinet Ministers have the power of our nation's might and pride: it is too much for us, we are but men, it goes to our heads . . ."

And so till a clock struck the quarter after four.

GOOD-BYE TO MARIE: The Gallic fervour of the fond farewells of peace-time rival those of war-time among less effusive nations. The young conscript is being hastened away from his people by the recruiting sergeant

CHRISTMAS BABIES IN A PRIVATE ZOO: Two baby llamas born at a private zoo in Ampthill, Beds., where this genus is bred to beautify the owner's park. The llama's defence, if attacked, is expectoration. They are used as beasts of burden in their native Peru

THE DOG WITH A SEASON TICKET: Chum, the first dog to hold a season ticket on the Southern Railway. He is seen above with his master, Captain St. C. Bowden, in the latter's office at Westminster, whither he travels every day from Cheam

PRISONERS OF HOPE: A scene just recorded at the Battersea Home for Lost Dogs where the inmates, if not claimed within a week, may be bought or adopted by new owners. If they are neither claimed nor acquired, they are painlessly destroyed

BASUTOLAND: A large grain bin made of woven grass which has an aperture on the top. This is sealed with clay, as a protection against rats which, in Africa as in England, are voracious grain-eaters

THE WALENDU DISTRICT: Durra, a sort of Kaffir corn, is kept high and dry in hive-shaped cribs or granaries. These are made of basket-work, and are set on poles three or four feet above the ground. The huge tops are movable. This picture was taken by an expedition to Central Africa headed by Colonel Wellington Furlong, which covered over 8,000 miles on foot, by lorry, and by boat, in the Tanganyika Territory, Uganda, Belgian Congo, and the Sudan

Ewing Galloway

A SOLUTION TO THE TRANSPORT PROBLEM: An Angola woman with her goods and her child

PRIMITIVE GRANARIES *of the* WORLD

Examples from Basutoland, East Africa, West Africa, and the Walendu District

EAST AFRICA: In this district women—in parody of Kingsley's poem—must work, that men may sleep—when they are not hunting. A quartette of these sturdy women is seen above balancing reeds—with which to build granaries—on their heads. The staple diet of Africa has to be protected, not from big game, but from small vermin of various kinds

Ewing Galloway

Portuguese West Africa supplies what are possibly the strangest grain bins in the world. The natives pack their grain in bags and pack the bags in grass bundles. These are placed on posts to protect them from vermin, chickens, and pigs

ning of a conventional belief in England that the tral Africa are improvident hunters, whose staple lled one day and cooked in primitive fashion to be The pictures reproduced above, however, will do much to dispel this illusion. Many tribes of natives in the black heart of Africa are agricultural, albeit in somewhat savage degree, and they store up the produce of their fields against the barren months. The structure of these granaries is interesting in that it combines the crudeness of an early stage of development with the efficacy of Civilization. Set on poles, the basket containers are filled, largely with millet (Kaffir corn), and either, in some districts, stopped with clay or, in others, covered with a removable top.

The FATE of the WHITE MAN

This series of quotations is gleaned with the kind permission of Messrs. Duckworth from "England the Unknown Isle," by Paul Cohen-Portheim, a noted Austrian man of letters whose literary career has been laid mainly in Germany. Mr. Cohen-Portheim has lived in England before and after the war and was interned in this country during the war. Both as original writer and as translator (works of Harold Nicholson, Carl Van Vechten, Cheng Tcheng, Rose Macaulay, and Barbusse have been rendered into German by his pen) he has many books to his credit and is a journalist of distinction

By PAUL COHEN-PORTHEIM

What is its (The British Empire's) value and its significance for England, and further, its significance for Europe and for Humanity? Neither question is a simple one to answer. From the point of view of the State, England's colonial possessions are a source of great burdens as well as advantages to her; she draws no direct revenues from the Colonies in the form of taxation, but she builds roads, railways, schools and churches in them; in addition to that, many of the daughter countries have developed into competitors of their mother country, and the competition among them themselves is even keener. The State reaps no direct material advantages, and so far, at least, every attempt at a closer economic bond has come to grief; the economic unity of the Empire has never materialized and in most cases neither English goods nor English settlers get preferential treatment.

All the same, England's wealth is based on her Colonies. English capital builds the railways, keeps the steamship lines going, finances the mines and plantations and draws vast dividends from them. The Colonies constitute a staple market for English goods even without Preference, the less independent ones, like India, being often closed to foreign competition; and from these revenues great sums in turn flow into the Exchequer in the form of taxes. . . .

The end of the Empire, its disintegration, has often been prophesied and often announced as already on the way. Before the War, in Germany among other places, people nourished the illusion that on the outbreak of war the Colonies would break away; instead of which they rushed to the support of their mother country. To-day people see the Empire threatened in many places and conclude that the end is near; China is in an uproar, in India attempts at revolution are chronic, Egypt is in a ferment, they are attacking the Union Jack in South Africa. But this vast Empire has been in a constant state of being threatened in one or more places right through its history, without thereby going under; the prophets who announce its end fail to grasp its fundamental conditions, its elasticity and the really deep roots of its power. Possibly China—*i.e.*, the Chinese market—is as lost, and not to England alone of course; India will probably sooner or later throw off English control; but meantime a new Empire is growing up under British suzerainty in Mesopotamia, Palestine and Arabia, and the Sudan, in itself a prodigiously rich country, gives England control over Egypt through the Assuan Dam, in spite of the fact that Egypt has become an independent state . . .

No conceivable force of arms could enable England to coerce her 400,000,000 subjects beyond the seas into obedience; the British Empire can only hold together if it wants to hold together; it must be a voluntary union or nothing; but its significance and its lesson to the world lie in the proof it has given that such a union is possible. Resting not on force of arms but on the force of ideas, it is unshakable as long as the idea is alive. . . . Generally speaking, English administration in the coloured colonies is just, and the natives have sense enough to appreciate this fact; they prefer the rule of the English to that of other white races and mostly have more confidence in British justice than in that of their own people. The English ideal has established itself practically everywhere and the peoples are not opposed to it; what upsets them is the slighting attitude of the Whites towards the coloured people; they do not so much want to get rid of their rulers as to enjoy equal rights with them; in fact they would like to work their way up into the aristocracy. How long England's suzerainty over the coloured colonies lasts depends on her handling of this problem . . .

"The end of the British Empire will be the end of the world-wide rule of the white man"

Until a few years ago the coloured world knew of no ideal but the English, and all its aspirations were directed towards developing on English lines. . . . This fact constituted the real triumph of England which was the triumph of the English ideal, and the real question is, will this ideal retain its powers of attraction and conquest? What really matters is not whether a country nominally forms part of the British Empire, but whether the spirit of England is supreme in it; for it is this spiritual bond in the long run that alone can hold the Empire together. From this knowledge springs England's hostility to Bolshevism. For the first time since England started governing coloured peoples, another and opposite gospel is making its way to them from Europe, and the idea of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat is setting itself up against the idea of aristocracy. England must fight it, for it is the negation of everything English . . .

Let us make a summary of the things we have come to recognize as English. England is individualistic, convinced of the inequality of individuals and races, and hence believes in the aristocratic principle and the hierarchical structure of society, and for that reason also in toleration, which is the recognition of inequalities, in individual liberty and in justice, which respects all divergences. England's social structure, her government and the British Empire all rest on this view of life, its exponents are to-day supreme over a quarter of the globe; and the tenets of communism are its negation . . .

The British Empire is to-day a necessity to England; its importance for Europe lies in the fact that it is the champion of the world supremacy of the White Man. There is nothing more short-sighted than the belief that any European country whatever could benefit by a weakening of the British Empire; certain commercial interests might derive some transient advantage from it, but the supremacy of the White Man depends on England, and would disappear with her. Even the United States would be unable to arrest the process; the future of the British Empire is the future of the white race. England forms the natural link between white Europe and white America, being geographically nearer to the former and spiritually to the latter; together they make up the white race which in the last few centuries has imposed its sway on the entire globe, and the leader of the conquering whites has long been England, and is still to-day the British Empire. Europe has been weakened and split by the breaking away of Russia; the United States are self-enclosed and busy with their own affairs—in other words, powerful as they may be in relation to world politics they are provincial; the champion of the White Man is the British Empire. Whether it will win only the future can show. There are some serious opponents of the White Man in his own camp. The general tendency since the War is against English ideas; people have been moving away either to the Right or to the Left, from parliamentary governments, Liberal traditions, and Free Trade. Neither Communists nor Fascists have sentimental feelings about the liberty of the individual, the free expression of opinion, or toleration. The idea of the gentleman and education in independence and self-control are aristocratical and individualistic aims which run counter to the mass—and machine age. . . . It may be that its day is over, but I do not think so; other countries have often in the past apparently left England behind by a sudden jump forward, but a little time showed that this development by jerks had no permanence, and there was England, which had been plodding steadily on, ahead once more. . . .

The HOUSE that WAITED

Lord Melchett's Dream-Home by Galilee

By LEONARD V. DODDS

Sunlight glints on high cream-coloured walls of a pleasant house by the shores of Galilee. For nearly two years it has stood there by the quiet waters of the lake, waiting for the owner who never comes. English roses bloom in the gardens amid luxuriant flowers of the East, and the sparkle of gold-fish flashes amongst the fragrant lilies in the sheltered pond. Spreading lawns, sloping gently to the water-edge, are carefully tended, for grass is a coveted luxury in Palestine; but house and garden wait in vain, for Lord Melchett, who built this dream-house by the lake, will never see his home in Galilee.

Migdal is set on the lake-side about mid-way between modern Tiberias and the place where ancient Capernaum once stood. It is not the palatial mansion of a millionaire-peer but a haven of rest where a tired mind and jaded nerves could recuperate. It was to Migdal that Lord Melchett hoped to go after his illness, and only three weeks ago he was busy making plans for the journey.

Built in semi-Eastern style the house has a low dome at the southern end and a flat roof which affords charming views over the lake. Its high, cream-coloured walls catch each ray of sunlight and make the house, set amid green plantations, a prominent landmark from all the Galilean hills.

Migdal is approached from the main road by Mond Avenue, a spacious drive lined with orange groves and banana plantations, and hedged with full-flowered mimosa. Beyond lie spreading orchards of limes, grape-fruit, and lemons.

Migdal, Lord Melchett's home by Lake Galilee. The Magdalene (Migdalene) *derived her name from this locality*

Broad lawns and gardens surround the house, and by the lake-side is the Migdal harbour, a quay built to protect a small motor-boat.

The house has only three bedrooms, and the drawing-rooms, though spacious, are designed for the comfort of the few rather than the entertainment of the many.

Both Lord and Lady Melchett took a keen personal interest in furnishing this house they have never seen, and, to give an incentive to the revival of some of the beautiful old Jewish handicrafts, it was decided that everything possible should be made in Palestine. The joiners and woodworkers gave of their best; fine linen was woven in the Jewish villages of the coast, the potters and glassworkers exerted all their skill in making beautiful wares, and the Yemenite silversmiths, who excel in finest filigree work, patiently wrought the decorative motifs for cutlery and the like.

For nearly two years the house has given generous hospitality to many of Lord Melchett's friends visiting Palestine, but the great day for Migdal when the master would come home has never dawned. All is still peaceful and content, but the roses bloom in vain.

INDIA:

The Land of Unrest, Illustrated from Many Viewpoints

A TRAGEDY AVERTED: The great locomotive of the Punjab Mail, an attempt to derail which was made recently. The train, which was composed of nine coaches, was travelling at an estimated speed of 70 m.p.h. and continued for one mile with the wheels off the line. Traces of gun-cotton were found on the line, but only two bogie wheels were thrown off the metals

A SYMPTOM OF REVOLUTION: A typical native of the jungle country round Thanesvaddy, where fighting between forces about 1,000 strong is in progress

A FACTOR OF THE INDIAN SITUATION: A squad of knickerbockered Muslim volunteers who, true to the traditions of Islam, are violently opposed to everything Hindu

IN THE NEW YEAR HONOURS LIST: H.H. the Maharaja of Rewa, who is made a Knight Grand Commander of the Indian Empire

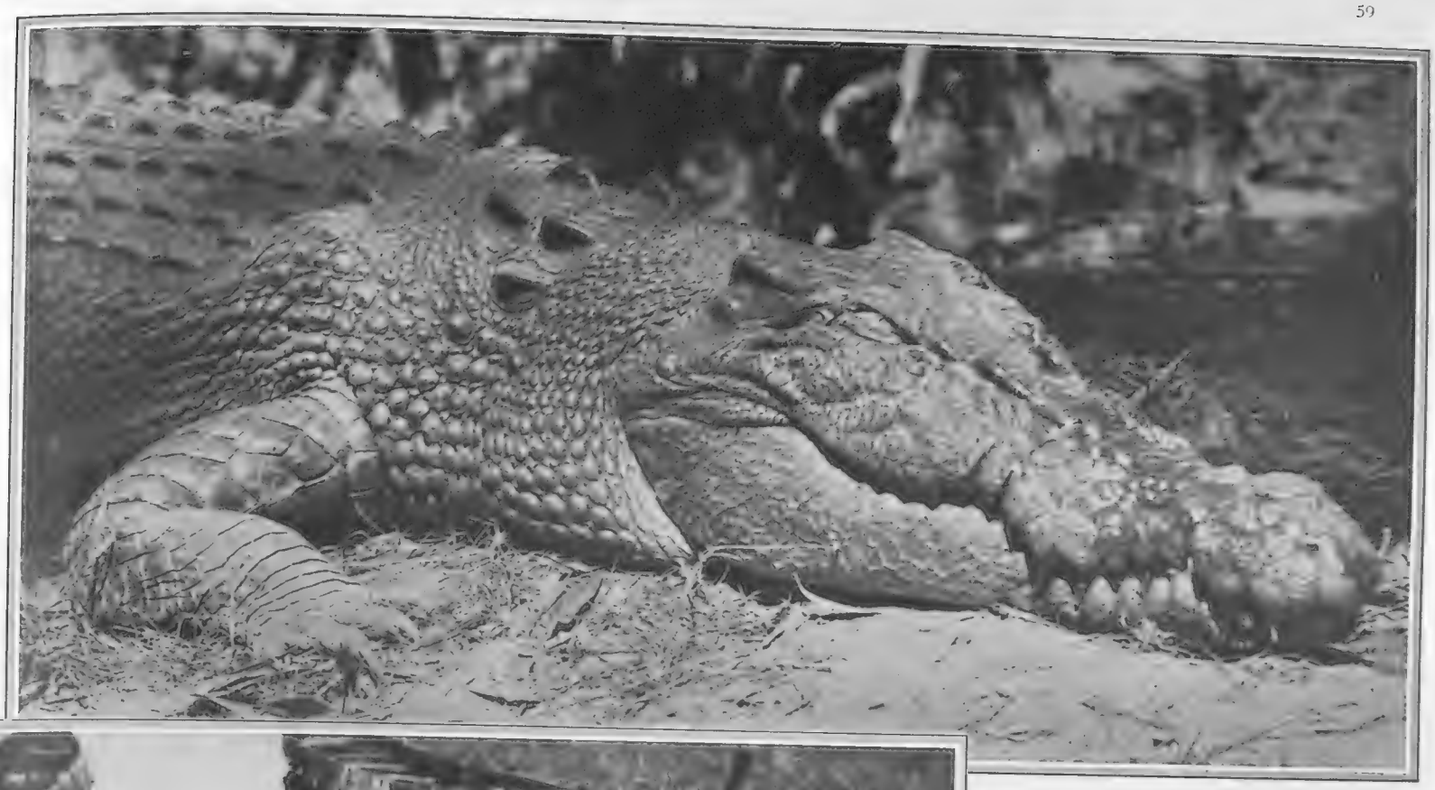
A HINDU SWARAJIST: Sen Gupta who, with his wife, has been incarcerated for inflammatory speeches in support of the Gandhi campaign

TRACES OF THE CRIME: The railway officials and chemical expert examine the lines where the Punjab Mail was derailed and where traces of gun-cotton were found

OPEN COUNTRY IN OPEN WEATHER: The Warwickshire Foxhounds strung out in picturesque fashion over the verdant fields during the recent meet at Wroxton Abbey

Below—A LONE SHEEP FARM: A late Autumn study of cloud and moorland by H. G. Allen, shown at the Royal Photographic Society Exhibition last year

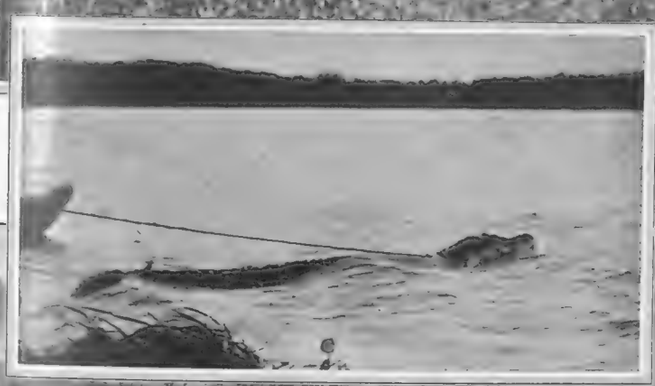
FACETS of "This PRECIOUS STONE set in a SILVER SEA"



THE BEAUTY OF THE GROTESQUE: *A remarkable study of an alligator head, obtained in Arnhem Land, Australia. Between the projections behind the jaw the mother carries her young when swimming*

A TAME CROCODILE

and other Reptilian Studies



LUTEMBE—THE TAME CROCODILE of the Victoria Nyanza eats his tourist-bought dinner of fish

A very up-to-date crocodile is at present living in the Victoria Nyanza about half-way between Kampala and Entebbe, Uganda. He is reputed to have a sinister past—in fact, to bring him up-to-date, one might say a "sticky past"—inasmuch as he is supposed to have enjoyed many a young girl and boy who, not so many years ago, were thrown to him for sacrificial purposes. From his point of view times have changed sadly, for now he must be satisfied with a piece of dried fish, which is supplied by a local fisherman for a shilling at the request of tourists. On the shilling being produced, the fisherman strolls off to his hut, and shortly returns with a few pounds of dried fish tied to the end of a six-foot stick. On getting to the water's edge, he shouts a few words to tell Lutembe that dinner is ready, and at the same time smacks the water with the fish. If lucky, the persons "standing" Lutembe a meal are not kept waiting long to be thrilled and have their money's worth by the sight of Lutembe's scaly back, appearing more and more as he slowly comes out of the water owing to the gradual slope of the lake bottom. When the fisherman has enticed him far enough out of the water he allows him to snap the fish off the end of the stick (note this operation taking place in the picture), and Lutembe swallows the tit-bit with noisy gusto and no chewing. Then he lies patiently waiting for more, and his fawnish coloured eyes do their best to melt the hearts of the tourists and make them part with another shilling's-worth of fish. As the tourists get into their car and start the engine, so Lutembe turns round and goes back to his home in the water. When this picture was taken, he had just returned from an absence of six weeks' duration. Who knows, somewhere in that vast lake, he may have a wife as ugly as himself, or perhaps went off to look for one nice and young? At any rate he looked none the worse for wear, and returned almost as fat as he left. The picture shows two of the native canoes as used on the lake. The projecting prow, visible on one of them denotes that this was once a war canoe. The prow attachment was used for ramming purposes

THE CAYMAN: *An alligator shot in Bolivia. The tropical American alligator is locally known as cayman, or caiman—a word deriving from the Caribbean word for alligator,* acayouman—*although the word has also the meaning of a certain sub-species of great saurians.* Inset above, *a crocodile is seen being hauled in with a lasso on a great African river*

ON LECTURING *in* AMERICA

and Other Literary Matters of the Week

By CECIL ROBERTS

I hear that Mr. G. K. Chesterton is having a very warm welcome in the United States, where he is following the usual habit of English authors, that is, giving lectures in between climbing into sleeping-berths on those formidable journeys across America. This is not Mr. Chesterton's first tour. I remember encountering him there several years ago, and I recall that at the Book Cadillac Hotel, one of the most sumptuous of America's super-hotels, at Detroit, three Englishmen occupied the same room on successive nights, Mr. Walpole, Mr. Chesterton, and myself. I understand that this room was known as the "celebrity" room. It was certainly well-known to the Press, which was installed there on my arrival and put me through the usual ordeal. I hope my colleagues received the same extraordinary hospitality—I was not allowed to pay my bill on leaving! All the manager asked for was an autograph on a copy of one of my books, which he thoughtfully provided. I believed this good fellow treated all English authors in this fashion. If ever he comes to England I think he should be given a dinner by the P.E.N. or some such organization.

Mr. Chesterton is not a good lecturer, he is often inaudible, but everyone knows he is a most excellent talker, and there has been the usual battle among those who want to entertain him. There was a crowded house to hear a debate on "Divorce" between him and Mr. Cosmo Hamilton. A subject more likely to arouse interest in the United States could not have been devised, and one does not wonder there was a large crowd turned away from the hall.

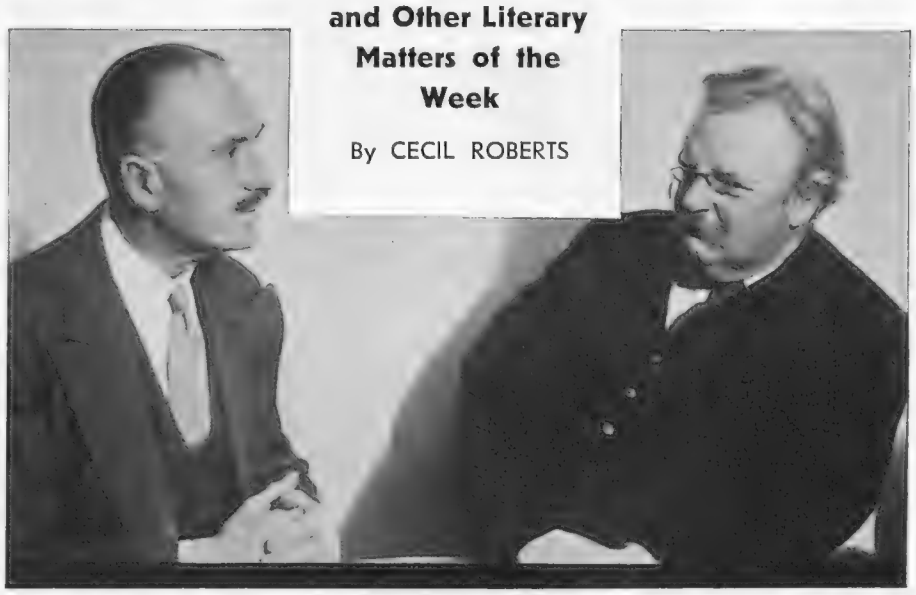
I am filled with admiration at Mr. Chesterton's courage and endurance. After four lecture tours I decided that no man's constitution would support the strain, and sternly declined a fifth. But then, I am a young man compared with G. K. C. The hurried meals, the heated trains, the frightful hours at which one must rise to catch them, the anxiety of making the right connections, the incessant hospitality, handshaking, autographing, Press interviewing, and lecturing would wear down a Carnera. The lecturing is the least part of the ordeal. I heard of one enterprising agent who stipulated a thousand dollars for a lecture, two thousand dollars if his lecturer was entertained.

Every English author who has not succeeded in lecturing in America, and there can now be few left, seems filled with envy of the vast sums the fortunate one is credited with earning. But this wealth is largely an illusion. It is true that the fees, often as high as a thousand dollars an engagement, seem very large. But against this there is the enormous cost of traversing huge distances, including an Atlantic crossing, hotels, and general expenses. Then the agent takes about forty per cent. in booking fees, the United States charges eight per cent. income tax and, as soon as the rich lecturer lands in this country the British Government relieves him of one quarter of what remains. He finds, on working it out, that considering he has lost six months working time, apart from the depreciation of his "machinery," his gain, if any, is very slight.

As a means of seeing the United States for the first time it is excellent and economical. The second time the experience begins to pall, and the third time it is nothing less than a nightmare. The mental effects are still more deadly. The brain ceases to function after one has repeated oneself some sixty or eighty times on the public platform.

For any man over sixty a lecture tour is an act of supreme courage. Mr. Chesterton is a marvel, but Sir Oliver Lodge was a miracle. I think he was over seventy when he made his appearance on the American lecture platform. I heard his initial lecture in the Carnegie Hall, New York, and his voice was as clear as a bell. He disappointed his audiences because he would not produce thrilling stories of spooks, as they had been led to expect, but he awed them with his magnificent presence and voice. He even publicly rebuked a lady in the front row who brought her knitting with her, which irritated him.

I recall also a bilious St. John Ervine, encountered in the Commodore Hotel, Chicago, whose digestive system had broken down under the battery of iced water and Turkish bath sleeping-cars. But more deadly than all is the incessant kindness of the Americans. They expect you, like themselves, to be eternally vital. I remember the shock on the face of a good lady who had asked me what most I would like to do. "Go to bed, please," I replied, having spent five consecutive nights in sleeping-cars. She had forty people in her drawing-room, so, of course, I had asked the impossible thing.



ORTHODOXY AND HERESY: Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Mr. Cosmo Hamilton who debated the question of divorce in New York recently. Mr. Hamilton is American by adoption and G. K. C. is making a lecture tour through the land of the not-so-free, suggesting that more laxity in the matter of drinking and less in that of marriage would increase liberty and decrease crime

Recently in one of these articles I innocently asked why our own traffic, unlike that of two continents, always keeps to the left. A reader, Mr. Ralph Bell of New South Wales, sends me the answer. It seems so obvious that my question now appears foolish. "You should go back to a horse-driven vehicle," he writes, "and take the reins in your left hand, and the whip in your right. You must sit on the right-hand side, or where will you put the whip? And clearly you have the best position for meeting other traffic by keeping to the left. The carter sits on the left-hand side of his cart so that he can jump down quickly and get to his horse's head." I suppose my ignorance comes of being born of a generation of gasolene vehicles. But even now I feel inclined to ask who first took the reins in his left hand and placed the whip socket on the right? But here we are back to the egg and the hen problem. Anyhow, it is nice to know that anyone as far away as New South Wales should be willing to enlighten me.

Mrs. Scott Moncrieff is collecting material for a memoir of her son, Mr. C. K. Scott Moncrieff, the translator of Proust, who died in Rome some months ago. She will be glad to receive any material from which suitable extracts can be made, either poems or letters. I met "Scomo" as he was called among his friends, but twice. He once came into the War Correspondents' Mess at Lille in the closing days of the War, when he held some kind of a position on G.H.Q. Intelligence Staff. Years later I met him in Pisa, where he had become a well-known figure. He had extraordinary habits of work. He used to rise about noon, and towards evening he began to live. At night he was brilliant, and towards midnight he went home to work. He reckoned upon doing a thousand words of translation a night, and was consistent in this. Thus was achieved some of the most delicate translations of our times.

Scott Moncrieff was forty when he died. He showed his promise early by winning a Winchester scholarship, and then went to Edinburgh University, where he was under Professor Saintsbury. He joined the K.O.S.B. during the War and was badly wounded in the foot in 1917. For a year he was private secretary to Lord Northcliffe, and later was on *The Times*, from which he resigned in 1923. He took eight years over the translation of Proust, and, according to some, improved that author, whose text was often in the most confused state.

With the third volume of *The Torch-Bearers* *The Last Voyage* (Blackwood. 7s. 6d.) Mr. Alfred Noyes brings to a conclusion one of the most courageous undertakings in verse of our times. It is lightly said that the epic is dead. Well, here is an answer with science itself bending its proud neck to the muse. Mr. Noyes, greatly daring, set out to trace the descent of the flickering light that has sustained our civilization and brought it to such amazing fruition in this age of applied science. The great leaders of thought, the great astronomers, have all been passed in review in this mission to mankind. As an intellectual *tour de force* it would be a remarkable undertaking thus to review the progress of man, but Mr. Noyes has been concerned with something more than a mere recital of history. He has endeavoured to provide a consistent philosophy, to present it with its high points of drama, to tell a story that never fails in vivid interest, and to soar in those moments when man's achievement touches nobility, or even his failure has its apparel of grandeur. Mr. Noyes has rung the changes — blank verse, terza-rima, the lyric — with the ease that we expect of him, and not the least praiseworthy of his generalship in massing his varied effects is the boldness with which he has touched the most modern and mechanistic aspects of life. Here is told the story of the operation in mid-Atlantic upon a child, of the battle for life running with the battle of the elements. After this we should hear no more about poetry being incapable of touching current events with dignity and music. The liner is a thing of beauty, its very lines are those of living poetry.

"The throb of the engine died.
The rushing thunder
Of foam around the bows dissolved away.
The great ship drifted through a strange new hush.
Only the wash now of the slow deep seas
Against her towering flanks arose and fell
With that primeval sound the sea-gull heard
On lonely coasts, before the birth of man."

One of the most interesting books to make its appearance in the new year will be the memoirs of Marshal Foch. These, with the Pershing memoirs, will be among the last of the revelations of the great leaders of the War, unless a day comes when Marshal Hindenburg decides to publish his own memoirs, which, I understand, have been written and locked away. Another notable book will be *Life and Letters of Sir Edmund Gosse*. In his day he was the pundit of the literary world, and a frown of his brow seemed to frighten the greatest of our authors. They feared him and often disliked him, but under the resentment of his uncertain moods was a deep respect for his ability as a critic. I am of the opinion that his reputation was grossly over-estimated, but so is that of most critics who dominate a literary pulpit in the Press. It is not the fault of the critics themselves but of the publishers, who take their favourable opinions, only these, and blazon them, together with their names, in the advertisement columns. Thus it is that some critics, with no qualification for their task other than access to print, impose themselves upon the public as authorities on literature. Sir Edmund Gosse was a scholar, and had a fine sense of values. He combined this with a flair for knowing the right people, and thus made his authority unassailable. So far no one has succeeded in climbing into his place.

We live and learn. A little book, *Unpublished Letters from the Collection of John Wild* (Philip Allan. 6s. net), has given me a shock. For years I grew up familiar with the legend of Henry Kirke White, the butcher's son who wrote verses, and whose works, after early death, were edited by Southey. Even Byron contrived to say something kind about his verses, and this gave him a considerable vogue. Nottingham, very proud of him, celebrated his centenary, and established a prize as a memorial. At seventeen I won that prize with some of my earliest and worst verses. And now I learn, to my amazement, that Henry Kirke White's name was really James Templeman.

At the age of fourteen this poor but audacious boy offered a hard publisher an epic "the plan of which is 'Satan, ever intent on the destruction of Mankind, is represented as the prime cause of this calamitous war. He sends an emissary to inspire the God of Celestial Love with brutal malice to wound the favourite of Astrea, the Heaven-born Orvan.'" Young Mr. Kirke White, alias Templeman, or *vice-versa*, "as a young Author generally labours under difficulty until the criterion of real Merit ensures the success of his writings," offered special terms. These were: the first 1,500 lines for five guineas, and for the remaining each thousand, only four guineas.

But the hard-hearted publisher was not bluffed. He did not even reply to the letter which, for a boy of fourteen with little education was something of a masterpiece, even without the epic of twelve thousand verses. "My address is at Mr. Bull, Ironmonger, of Nottingham. An answer as soon as convenient." Well, poet, ironmonger, publisher, and also the epic, are now dust. But the letter is preserved by a collector, and it stands in a volume alongside a callous letter by another impoverished poet—Shelley—who, on the bright prospect that his father was sixty-three and his grandfather eighty-five, and could not therefore last long, asked for a loan for which he was willing to pay 150 per cent. interest.

PERSIAN ART

To be Seen in Burlington House

FROM AN ASTRONOMICAL INSTRUMENT: A detail of a Seventeenth century astronomical instrument of engraved gilt and copper — from the Victoria and Albert Museum

A FASCINATING DETAIL OF PERSIAN ART: This picture is a detail from that shown in full on the right. The real virtue of the work now to be seen in Burlington House is its well defined and frequently amusing detail, and it is these and the colouring alone that create the appeal this esoteric art exerts

A MIDNIGHT PICNIC: A lovely miniature detached probably from the poems of Nizami from the collection of the Shah. The art is of the school of Shah Tahmasp (1524–76). It was a convention of Persian art of that period that visibility was as good by night as by day—hence the clarity of detail

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A Complete Weekly Section of "The Sphere," Incorporating a Wide Variety of Feminine Interests

A ROOM MADE *for* SLEEP

On right—
A charming modern bedroom designed by Djo - Bourgeois. The low bed is made of sycamore wood and beige velvet

A bedroom should be designed for sleep. This sounds a platitude. Nevertheless it is a fact that many people seem to forget when they are decorating their bedrooms. And there are many ways in which you can make your bedroom more restful and comfortable. First of all, a great deal depends on what colours you use in your scheme of decoration. Some colours are far more restful than others. A soft apricot pink is a good colour to use, and if you do the walls and ceilings the same shade you will find that this treatment will make the room far more restful, as it gives it a sense of unity; this is especially true of a small room.

Another very restful colour scheme is to distemper or paint the walls of the bedroom a light buff and wash the ceiling a deep cobalt blue. Deep-blue ceilings are very effective and particularly soothing, for the colour rests the eyes and unconsciously suggests sleep and repose. However, if you wish to have a coloured ceiling I advise you only to use deep-blue, for in any other colour-scheme differently coloured walls and ceiling are apt to be very disturbing.

Too little attention is paid to the arrangements of the lights in a bedroom, and yet this is an all-important point. Obviously a bedroom should not be too brilliantly illuminated. Wall-brackets and table-lamps with possibly a frosted tubular light above the dressing-table mirror, will be found the most satisfactory arrangement.

Plain cream ceiling and frieze and the rich wine-coloured carpet create an atmosphere of rest in this bedroom that is enhanced by the original wall treatment and the plain silk curtains. W. H. Gaze and Sons

Now we come to the furniture—the bed in particular. Nothing is more depressing than a really uncomfortable bed—those hard, unsympathetic mattresses, unyielding and full of bumps. Undoubtedly a comfortable mattress is an all-important feature of any bed, and you can now buy extraordinarily comfortable mattresses at very reasonable prices, so there is no longer any excuse for not buying them. A reliable choice is the Beautyrest mattress, which is specially sprung so that every part of the body is comfortable when you lie on it, and the springs are anchored to the very edge of the mattress so that it will not sag at the sides as so many mattresses do. These mattresses, covered in coloured damasks, can be bought from £5 5s. upwards.

In the cold winter weather one of the great problems confronting everybody is how to keep one's bed really warm. The disadvantage of a hot water bottle is that it only heats one part of the bed. However there is a new and very effective invention that will solve this difficulty effectively and inexpensively. This is an electric blanket made in a standard size of 44 in. by 32 in., very much like the ordinary blanket except that it is made of a special material that conducts electric heat. The use of this blanket is quite simple. You place the blanket on your bed on top of the sheet and attach the electric plug, which is fixed to it by an electric cord, to any ordinary electric plug in the wall. This blanket is soft and flexible and the heat can be switched on and off at will. It consumes very little electricity, and costs about a farthing an hour at sixpence a unit, and gives out a natural dry warmth that is both healthy and restful. These blankets cost 63s. in the standard size, complete with cover. Although it is heated by electricity it is absolutely safe, and apart from its great comfort it has been proved that it is exceedingly good for people who suffer from rheumatism and influenza and other such ailments.

D.P.

NOISE PROOFING is *A Practical Proposition*

To the sound-sensitive person it seems as if noise rides the world like a nightmare to-day. It has assumed almost incredibly fantastic proportions and expressions, and it has, too, that familiar and shattering nightmare quality of inescapableness.

While it is, most unfortunately, true that an altogether unjust proportion of it is inescapable by ordinary people who lead ordinary lives, partial mitigation at least is possible for those who know how to achieve it.

Let us, then, consider noise-proofing as a practical proposition.

Roughly, so far as domestic requirements are concerned, the problem is obviously either (a) to remedy existing defects, or (b) in the case of those who are building, to ensure sound-proof construction.

Now, it is precisely the people who would benefit most by this—and by these people I mean the great army of the semi-detached and undetached—who say that they cannot afford to do it.

The answer is that sound-proof houses have been built for as little as £850.

Some houses are constructed entirely of sound-resisting materials, in others ceilings and walls are insulated, in others ceilings only. It should, by the way, be clearly understood that all constructional details are essentially matters that should be dealt with by an architect.

But people who are concerned only with making the houses in which they are already living as noise-proof as possible will be glad to hear that there is much they can do at the price they can afford. There are excellent sound absorbent materials on the market now which are reasonable in price, efficient, and easy of application.

Very satisfactory results have been obtained, for instance, by the use of eel-grass.

This is a scientifically constructed insulator for sound-deadening in the form of a felted matting made of Nova Scotian sea-wrack. It is non-inflammable and practically indestructible by decay. This is no mere figure of speech, because houses more than two centuries old, when undergoing repairs, were found to have eel-grass between the studding of the walls, and it was in a perfect state of preservation.

The most practical and easy non-structural application of this is to use it as an underlay for carpets. It is a really marvellously successful sound-deadener.

Ingenious methods of utilising the various available sound-absorbing boards will readily suggest themselves to the enterprising. One of the best-known of these boards is made of sugar-cane fibres, and this, too, can be laid under carpets. Splendid results have been obtained when it has been used on nursery floors under the usual rubber or linoleum covering. This board is much used, too, as a lining for houses. It can be stained, stencilled, painted, or distempered, or left in its own natural tan colour.

Then there is another board manufactured from wood fibre which is an extremely practical proposition. It is strong, light, economical, and easily handled, and may be used with real benefit to panel rooms or ceilings. Its natural colour is a very pleasant deep golden brown and it has a really delightful texture; but it can, if necessary, be papered over or painted or distempered; also it forms a very satisfactory base for the various types of plastic decoration. Screens of this sound-deadening board would be useful and, incidentally, ornamental, for it is backed with a most attractive silky-looking brown golden canvas.

M.S.M.

The WORLD of WOMEN—(cont.)

The FASCINATION *of* PANELLED WALLS

Typical of the elaborate traditions of the Stuart period is this panelling in the Nell Gwynne room of Dartmouth House, the headquarters of the English-speaking Union. Part of it is believed to be Grinling Gibbons's work. *Above on right*—These walls of birch panelling are essentially labour-saving, as their surfaces are only broken by an occasional decorative moulding. The attractive desk is in harmony with its background. It was designed by Joseph Emberton. Architects, Louis de Soissons and G. G. Wornum, F.R.I.B.A.

An effective use of birch panelled walls

Why has the vogue for panelling lasted so many centuries? Why is panelling still such a favourite wall covering for the better types of interiors? Chiefly because nothing can surpass it in creating stately and sumptuous backgrounds, and because it gives to smaller rooms an engaging atmosphere of warmth and intimacy.

To-day we are not limited, like our ancestors, to oak, pine, and occasionally chestnut panelling. The introduction of many new woods opens up fresh and fascinating fields of adventure, just as the use of plywood makes it possible to select almost any size of panel.

If we are tempted by some of the richer exotic varieties we are confronted with certain difficulties. Such woods as Burmese padauk, or some of the African mahoganies, have so definite a grain and tone that they require furniture specially chosen to harmonize with them. One of the most adaptable and at the same time one of the most beautiful of these exotic woods is the Australian black bean. It has a warm, brown tinge, and is wonderfully grained. It can be used in conjunction with walnut, gilt and certain kinds of lacquered furniture.

Another wood which is increasingly popular is birch. And when toned by a special process it becomes a silvery beige. Walnut furniture goes well with it. Oak also and of course birch furniture is absolutely at home against such a background. K.M.

This silver gilt panelling with its red lacquer mouldings makes an effective background for the red, black, and gold of the Oriental furniture and ornaments in this spacious hallway. The Rowley Gallery. *Inset above*—An interesting use of plywood panelling has been made in the overmantel and surround of this fire-place. It is of birch, stained light and dark, and is a good example of a decorative effect secured by smooth, non-dust-collecting surfaces. Architect, G. G. Wornum, F.R.I.B.A.

BREACH OF PROMISE: The scene in court in the last act of "Marry the Girl," at the Aldwych. Mr. Tom Walls is examining Miss Mary Brough before Mr. J. Robertson Hare

SHOWS AND AUTRES CHOSES

BY JOHN WARE

Old-fashioned low comedy, robust knock-about fun, is the sheet anchor of the two principal pantomimes presented in London this season. Often in recent years there has been a tendency to turn these entertainments into a species of revue or musical comedy built around a fairy story, but for this year, at any rate, Julian Wylie with *Aladdin*, and the Melville Brothers with *Robinson Crusoe* have been faithful to tradition—and to slap-stick. And I think the results are more satisfying.

Apart from an abundance of low comedy there is no similarity between the two productions. Down at the Lyceum Theatre they have not worried particularly about the beauty of the dresses or of the scenery—some of it, in fact, looks rather down at heel—but, at the Dominion Theatre, Julian Wylie has staged as beautiful a pantomime as I have ever seen. It is a long succession of gorgeous scenes whose loveliness is matched by the beauty of the dresses designed by Gladys Calthrop, Anna Zinkeisen, and Dolly Tree.

The last scene of all is a wonderful effect. Down from above comes a shower of golden ribbons. Then, clutching to these streamers, the chorus are raised, rank upon rank, until they form a curtain of thirty living girls. Before that a magical palace is swept away in the twinkling of an eye to give place to a desert setting; and, though not quite so effective in the suddenness of the quick change, the interior of the cave is transformed, as we look at it, into a garden of jewels.

Amid all this lavish spectacle the comedy has not been overlooked, and a lot of excellent fun is provided by Nellie Wallace, Lupino Lane, Wallace Lupino and, for ten minutes, by the Three Pirates, a trio of amusing acrobats. But funniest of all is the paper-hanging scene in Widow Twankey's kitchen, when the two Lupinos become terribly involved with scores of yards of paper and gallons and gallons of paste. It is a glorious mess and glorious fun. Miss Ella Retford is an admirable Aladdin, and Miss Stella Browne a principal girl who can sing as well as look pretty.

If *Aladdin* is the most spectacular pantomime I have ever seen I have no hesitation in saying that *Robinson Crusoe* is the funniest. Credit for this must be given to George Jackley and to Charles Naughton and Jimmy Gold, three established favourites now with Christmas audiences at the Lyceum. Thank goodness, this trio can cheerfully disregard any idea of "keeping to character."

It matters not whether they are in *Aladdin*, the *Babes in the Wood*, or *Robinson Crusoe*. Their resource never fails them. But, as it is *Robinson Crusoe*, it is quite appropriate that they should find themselves bunk companions on board the *Saucy Polly*—in a cabin which rocks and rolls till, finally, it spins round and round. Then, when they are washed ashore, Naughton (or is it Gold?) appears clad, more or less, in a bowler hat and a Venetian blind. For pantomime these three comedians are without equals.

Man Friday in this version of the story is an inconspicuous figure but, although he does not do very much in adding to the comedy, he does play the "Stein Song" on a set of jam jars—and that is something of which Defoe never dreamed.

Miss Kitty Reidy has the proper swagger of the principal boy, but Miss Constance Carpenter as the principal girl seems to be under the impression that the Lyceum has the same intimate atmosphere as the London Pavilion. She should remember that there is an important part of the house known as "the gallery."

A troupe of tight-rope walkers called the Wallendas are responsible for the biggest thrill in Bertram Mills's circus at Olympia. Far up in the roof they perform all kinds of nerve-racking tricks, among them the riding of a bicycle along the tight-rope, but all these seem like child's play compared with their concluding effort.

Out on to the rope step two men with a pole supported between them. On the pole is balanced a chair. On this stands a third man. Then the girl-member of the troupe climbs over the back of the nearest man on to the man on the chair, till, after some breathless moments, she stands upright on his shoulders. In this crazy formation they cross from one platform to another. Yes, this is certainly a real thrill.

For the rest the circus is once again a first-rate show, quite in keeping with the standard set in previous years. Parents as well as children will love it. They will like the performing lions, admire the skill of Les Neufs Casis in their riding act, marvel at the intelligence of the liberty horses, and scream with laughter at the clowning of the Four Bronetts, and at the tricks of Captain Tiebor's sea lions. These sea lions are one of the wonders of the whole show. They flop along a tight-rope, play musical instruments, and all the time display an almost human sense of humour.

If *A Pair of Trousers*, Frederick Jackson's new play, is a success at the Criterion Theatre, it will be due solely to Alice Delysia. When she is given an unsuitable part Delysia can be very bad—take the recent example of *Topaze*—but when she has a rôle suited to her, she is one of the best comediennes on the stage. Now, although this is a rather silly play, it does provide her with an admirable part, and she makes the most of it.

She plays a French widow who, having won a large sum of money on the Derby, decides to spend it on one year's glorious fling in London. She rents an imposing house, where one evening the owner, a rich artist, comes to see her about a clause in the lease. In trying to straighten a picture he falls from a step ladder, and although he does not hurt himself he sustains considerable damage to his trousers, which, as it turns out, is a good deal more serious. He takes them off so that they may be mended, and while still in undress and in dressing-gown he is found by the lady's fiancé and two of the latter's relatives.

Thus a perfectly innocent episode becomes "the talk of the town," and the artist's wife gets to hear of it. Mrs. Artist roundly abuses the French widow at a dinner party given with the vague idea of killing the scandal, and in the last act the whole episode is staged again by the artist, so that this time he may be discovered by his wife from whom he is anxious to be divorced.

As the wife leaves no doubt as to her intentions, the French widow decides that she may as well earn her reputation and agrees to elope with the artist to the South of France.

After the first act it is thin stuff, but the charm and vivacity of Delysia carry it through. She is excellent, especially in the little dramatic bit when she is assailed by the wife. Ian Hunter makes the artist seem less foolish than he is, but Violet Vanbrugh, Grizelda Hervey, Jane Wood, and Hayden Coffin all have very shadowy parts.

Still it affords an amusing evening.

It is always a difficult matter for a show, once it has been launched, to recover from the loss of one of its stars, but I think that *Follow a Star*, the musical comedy at the Winter Garden Theatre, will succeed in establishing itself even though Sophie Tucker, who made the big hit on the first night, has dropped out.

Jack Hulbert and his business partner, Paul Murray, are very lucky to be able to get Miss Maisie Gay to take her place. Naturally, Miss Gay cannot be expected to "put over" a song with the same virile force and smashing effect as Miss Tucker, but she is a better actress, and has introduced a lot of new comedy.

During the short "holiday" while Miss Gay was rehearsing her part the show was to some extent re-written. The plot has been revised, and now the ending, which fell flat on the original first night, is more effective. But principally it is the comedy which has been strengthened. A. W. Baskcomb, who has the part of his life as "the world's worst conjurer," too, has a new song, "A Real English Gent," which, written by Percy Greenbank, is a gem.

Amid all the lighter and more frivolous Christmas entertainments the brief season at the Phoenix Theatre of the Habima Players has been a decided novelty. It was a commendable effort on the part of Mr. C. B. Cochran and Mr. Sidney Bernstein to introduce this famous company of foreign players to London for the first time, and although they may not have been a sensation in the accepted sense of the term, their visit has been of considerable interest to a vast number of theatre enthusiasts.

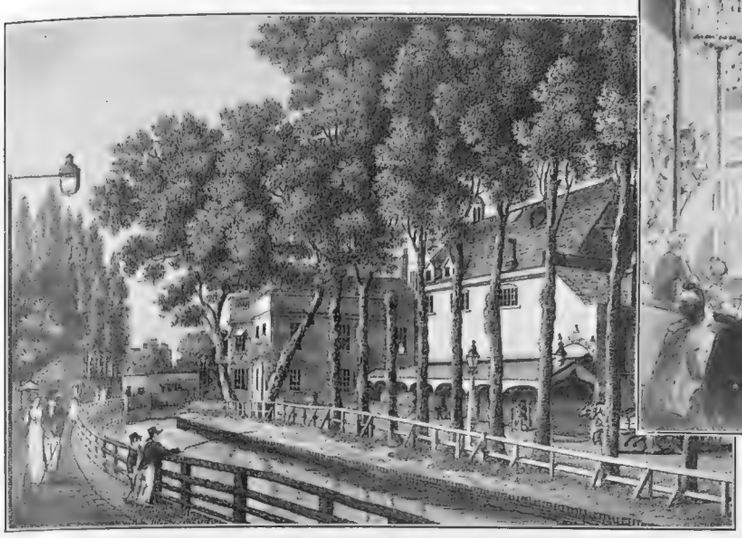
Already they have appeared with great success in a number of European capitals, and their work in a widely diverse repertoire, including the *Dybbuk*, the *Golem*, the *Crown of David*, and *Twelfth Night*, certainly created an excellent impression in London.

But, frankly, I feel that they are for the connoisseurs. Before the company came to London I was assured that although they spoke Hebrew, their acting was so vivid that it was simple to follow the story of the play being performed without understanding a word. Now I cannot speak Japanese, yet during the recent appearance of these players at the Globe Theatre I did find it easy to comprehend the trend of what was happening on the stage. But the Habima Players left me in the dark. Still my interest was held, and I was fascinated by the sonorous quality of the voices, the music of the language, and the attractiveness of the stage pictures.

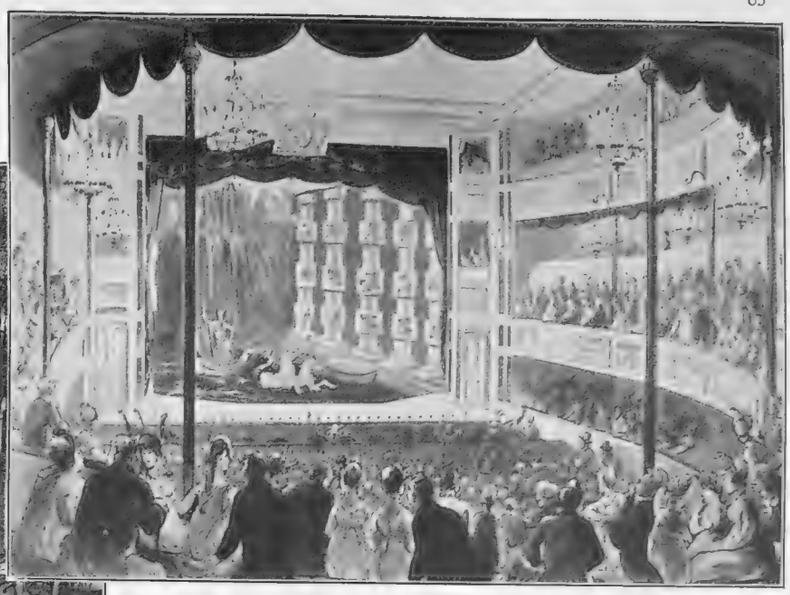
CLIENT AND BARRISTER: Messrs. Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn in the brilliant last act of the first Aldwych farce for years not to emanate from the pen of Ben Travers. "Marry the Girl

LONDON'S OLD NEW THEATRE

Sadler's Wells Again a Playhouse



THE "AQUATIC THEATRE," SADLER'S WELLS: When Islington was country, a stream meandered round the theatre visited by Royalty (1821). The stream is now dammed



A TYPICAL SPECTACLE: A scene in the "Aquatic Theatre," at which Grimaldi and Belzoni appeared in the first decade of the nineteenth century. A box (for which an illustrated ticket was given) cost 4s. in 1817

MODERNITY: The striking panelled roof and the old-fashioned light in the reconstructed theatre. Inset on right—SADLER'S WELL AND THE MANAGER: Miss Noble tests the depth of the old Sadler's well at the back of the pit

THE PENULTIMATE BUILDING: Opened as a hall for orchestral music in 1683, Sadler's Wells was opened as a theatre in 1765. A false alarm of fire occurred with eighteen fatalities in 1807

Picture by the special "Sphere" process

"CROSS-GARTERED". Mr. John Gielgud as a (beardless!) Malvolio and Miss Joan Harben as Olivia in Twelfth Night which marks the opening of the theatre which after the cessation of the Bateman management in the 'eighties, became a music-hall until it finally lapsed into disuse

Picture by the special "Sphere" process

"O MISTRESS MINE": Mr. Leslie French in the rôle of Feste in the opening production of the 1931 season at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, Islington. The theatre was run by Mrs. Warner and Phelps from '44–'59 and reopened by Phelps in '62. Miss Marriott ran it from '65–'68

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

Germany's CHAIN of "HOSTELS of YOUTH"

A System which may—and with Advantage—be Established in England

FOR WALKERS YOUNG AND OLD: One of the hostels erected in the vicinity of Ems, where a bed cost 3d. or 6d. and a good meal can be bought for a few pence

ULTRA-MODERN: The newest hostel put up for the Wandervoegel near Frankfurt-am-Main, and called "The House of Youth." It has 330 beds and a stage and cinema apparatus

Towers of Youth—Germany's chain of Jugendherbergen (literally, Youth Hostels)—are ever steadily increasing in number. These "Youth Hostels" are places where the holiday rambler may stay overnight, and, by this means, the young "hiker" can travel from the north to the south, from the east to the west of Germany, spending each night at one of them.

These hostels, which cater purely for the rambler and not for tourists, are also open to ramblers of other nationalities, and are both inexpensive and simple. The cost for a night's lodging for ramblers under twenty years of age is, as a rule, about 3d. per night, and for those over twenty the charge is 6d. per night, and there is no limit to either youth or age. Breakfast and good dinners may be had for a few pence.

One of the commonest and pleasantest sights in Germany is the spectacle of throngs of happy young ramblers, dressed in shorts and with brown-tanned faces, carrying their rucksacks on their backs, and playing their mandolines or other musical instrument. These are called the "Wandervoegel" (Wander-birds) of the new Germany, and they tramp from one hostel to another, covering in all perhaps 200 or 300 miles during their holiday "hike."

The architectural appearance of these youth hostels is extremely varied, from the most modern to the most ancient. Old, disused castles, hundreds of years old, are redecorated; while, many modern, even ultra-modern, buildings have been specially erected for this purpose. This system of Jugendherbergen has aroused considerable interest in England, and several recent visits have been made by leaders of our rambling clubs to study the German youth hostel system with a view to introducing a similar system in this country.

A GODSEND TO THE WALKER: One of the hostels near Rüdesh... put up to enable the "Wandervoegel"—young members' walki... clubs of Germany—to travel cheaply

IN THE HEART OF GERMANY: One of the hostels ... Raderwormwald. Even old castles in certain districts are pres... into service as caravanserais for the young travellers

The LIDO of the FUTURE

A Little-known Aspect of Hellas

ATHENS.

I was brought up to think of Greece as a land of grimly beautiful antiquities and sterner archæologists, where one went to wonder and admire, and left with a sneaking feeling of relief, to enjoy oneself in Italy or in the South of France. But since coming here, I have been overwhelmed with the pleasure-giving potentialities of Greece, physically as well as æsthetically. I can confidently say that, in an experience of bathing which varies from the South Pacific to the North Sea, I have never found better beaches and pleasanter bathing than one may find here, within a few minutes, or a few hours of Athens, and I believe that I have lit upon what may be the Lido of the future.

From almost any one of the hills surrounding Athens one can look down to Phaleron, some three miles off. It is reached by an admirable motor-road, known as Singros Avenue, down which high-powered cars go speeding every midday, even during the winter, filled with bérets and bathing suits. Phaleron has a casino and two or three large hotels; there is a bathing place, and all the cliffs are hewn out, containing little tables, where one may sit and drink "oyzo"—the Greek apéritif—and coffee at any hour. But such *plages mondaines* are not for me, and my bathing has begun at Glyfada, where there is only a colony of brightly-painted bathing huts and a small restaurant.

I bathed here one midday early in December, when the sun was beating down on the deserted beach and the shallow water of the lagoon, as warm as Cannes in July. I floated blissfully, looking up at the cloudless sky and at the bare blue ring of hills surrounding the water. After a quarter of an hour a waiter from the little restaurant hailed us, and we sat, still in our bathing suits, in basket chairs in front of the restaurant, and lunched excellently.

Beyond Glyfada there is still a string of lovely bathing beaches—Cavouri, Bourla, Vari, Vougliameni—which are only accessible by car over rough roads. Here there are no restaurants, no bathing-huts, and no trippers. But one may lie half-naked in the sun all day long, if one takes one's own provisions. On the road to Marathon, too, there is another enchanting bathing-beach place, Saint Andrea. One bumps for ten miles along a truly dreadful road, and through pine woods, until one comes upon a series of bays of clear water, with a little colony of summer villas, a small box-like restaurant, and a baby casino.

"THE MOUNTAIN LOOKS ON SALAMIS": One of the many beaches along the Bay of Salamis

IN THE GULF OF CORINTH: A picture redolent of the attractions sketched in the accompanying article

There is apparently no... to these enchanting bea... Along the Gulf of Corinth... train passes along an... chanted coast. One cro... high above the canal, and... for mile upon mile t... low-growing vines an... cypresses, standing in... regiments upon the... limestone tumuli. The... follows the coast so... that one draws breat... hovers and slows down... a sheer fall of unstabl... to the beach. In this s... reach of water, with... its occasional ye... and its blue-domed ch... the sea is motionless... colourless, drawing its... from the reflection of... Parnassos mountains. ... wards Aighion the villa... larger, as many of the... to-do merchants of... make their homes here o... the year.

In the sweltering m... between July and the ... ning of October Athens goes pouring out to the islands off the coast of Peloponnese. I myself sailed out from Piræus, the port of Athens, ... unnecessarily early hour, on a small but not uncomfortable steamer. ... island of Ægina rose out of the sea to meet us, and we disembarked so... our passengers into bobbing lighters. Before noon we were screaming ... entrance to the narrow strait which separates Poros from the mainland. ... is a busy little town, with giant cactus rocks, some small hotels, and num... beaches curled up like their own sea-shells all round it. Here it was wa... than it had been even in Athens.

Spetsai was my destination and we reached it soon after noon. ... radiantly white in the sun; full of paths which lead nowhere, past old houses whose upper chambers are shaped like cabins. I passed a big hotel, closed for the winter, but very gay, I am told, in the summer when there is a casino open.

Alan Collard

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LONDON LIFE

The Lighter Side of Metropolitan Existence

THE GORGEOUS EAST: A scene from the screen version of "Kismet," at the Leicester Square Theatre. This pageant of the Orient is eminently suited to the cinematographic medium. Otis Skinner and Loretta Young are the stars in this magnificent production

THE FIRST MEN AND WOMEN OF THEIR YEAR: Seven of the ten New Year babies to be born in the first hours of 1931 at Queen Charlotte's Hospital. The kiddies seem not as yet to realize the significance (if any) of the hour of their birth!

A NIPPY ANNIVERSARY: A presentation made to every Nippy in the employ of Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., all over the British Isles on a birthday. Each Nippy had to have six years' service to her credit, having been with them since the Nippy (the name given to the Lyons waitresses, now immortalized on the stage) came in being, January 1, 1925. The presentation was made at the respective tea shops. Above are seen some of the Nippies in the Strand Corner House with their birthday cakes

"THE WEALTH OF ORMUS AND OF IND": The panoply of the Gorgeous East is seen to advantage in this striking figure who is to be seen in the First National and Vitaphone talkie version of the great success "Kismet" at the Leicester Square Theatre

QUEEN OF THE CHESSBOARD: Miss Honor Bullen, the winner of the Girls' Chess Championship, receives the adulation of success from her sporting but defeated rivals at the Imperial Chess Club, Brook Street, when she received The Lady Margaret Hamilton-Russell Cup

The PETROL World

By A. Percy Bradley

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

IMPROVING PERFECTION.—It is always interesting and intensely informative to test the best, and therefore I eagerly awaited the arrival of a 30-h.p. 8-cylinder Lanchester on which I spent a recent Sunday. When you have a very fine article like a Lanchester car it must be a matter of acute difficulty to improve it, but after driving in this latest example of Lanchester manufacture I can say that those responsible for its production have definitely bettered their previous model. I expected to have a very comfortable drive in a very luxurious vehicle. One's anticipations are, however, very seldom realized, but in this instance I was not disappointed. The latest Lanchester rides over the road like a bobsleigh does on snow. There is just a swish as the bordering hedges flash past, and the experience is just as pleasant to the driver as to his passengers. So far as I could see the gear-box could easily be dispensed with, although it was used during my run out of pure curiosity. The particular car placed at my disposal had a body on it costing £700, the chassis being £1,325. Obviously this is not what the man-in-the-street would call a cheap motor-car, but if one analyses the meaning of the word "cheap" I think it describes this Lanchester very truthfully, because with the exception of spending money on petrol, oil, tyres, etc., I should be very much surprised if the owner is called upon for any other expenditure for years after he has made his purchase. Value for money is written all over this Lanchester car, and unlike many other big motor vehicles it has been designed so that the owner, should he so desire, can look after the vehicle himself.

I mentioned that it was a luxurious car, and I can honestly say that I have never sat in any moving vehicle that was so comfortable. It is unneccessary for me to detail all the little points that appeal to me, but I would like to draw attention to the unique lighting system which is installed solely for the benefit of the owner and his passengers. When the door on either side is opened a light is let into the running board on each side, and interior lamps automatically light up, and go out when the doors are shut. In day-time this consideration does not become necessary, and so the driver has a master switch to control the system. Again, I noticed that when the driver engages the gear lever in reverse the Lucas tail lamp throws a white light behind, thus enabling the driver to travel backwards with the utmost safety.

I feel certain that I was not alone in looking upon this Lanchester car as a very fine example of British manufacture, because wherever we went people turned their heads to look at it as it passed by.

A MODERN CHARIOTEER: A striking exhibit of Austin Sevens arranged by an Australian pressman, Mr. Lucius Connolly, in connection with a Carnival of Flowers recently held in Melbourne

RILEY'S 1930 ACHIEVEMENT.—The truth of the motto "Nothing Succeeds like Success," was proved most strikingly by the Balance Sheet of Riley (Coventry), Ltd., which was published recently. At the shareholders meeting Mr. Victor Riley, Chairman and Managing Director of the company, referred to the expansion and reorganization which had taken place. This had resulted in the company being in a position to produce on modern, economical lines, cars of that quality and with those characteristics which the Riley car was known to possess. In other words the purchaser of a Riley car was definitely not paying for inefficient methods of manufacture.

Dealing with export trade, Mr. Riley mentioned that whereas our overseas possessions took annually some 600,000 cars, Great Britain supplied them with less than 10 per cent. If we could recapture but a quarter of this immense trade, he said—i.e. if we could sell them 150,000 of the cars they want—it would almost double our production at home, would provide nearly twice the volume of employment, and would lead to still lower prices in the home as well as the overseas markets. The small-engined car, of which the Riley Nine was a leading example, was coming into its own. This was a market wherein Britain had always been predominant, and here was a chance for world-wide supremacy.

"CODE DE LA ROUTE."—A long-felt want of the English-speaking motorist visiting France is met by a new book recently published by the R.A.C. entitled *The Rule of the Road in France*. The book contains the whole of the French "Code de la Route," a knowledge of which is essential to every motorist touring in France, the police regulations in Paris, complete information regarding Triptyques, Customs' carnets, and French taxation, an English-French translation of the principal technical terms required by motorists, official road numbers and classifications, road signs, what to do in case of accident, etc. This is the first time the French regulations have been printed in English, and no motorist proposing to take a car or motor-cycle to France should be without a copy of the book. It is obtainable from the R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W.1, price 1s. or from any R.A.C. provincial office.

MAINTAINING ENGLAND'S MOTORING PRESTIGE.—Captain Malcolm Campbell's new 1,400 h.p. Napier-Campbell car, which he is taking to Daytona, U.S.A. this month to defend Great Britain's title to the world's land speed record, is now ready, and arrangements have been made for it to be on exhibition at Messrs. Rootes' showrooms, Devonshire House, Piccadilly, prior to being shipped abroad.

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pleased if the Cortès came back? That is one of the hard nuts Alfonso has to crack. He cannot afford for an instant to lose the support of the Army. True, he has yet one last barrier round the throne—80,000 Civil Guards, largely hereditary, father to son, and extremely well cared-for—but the loyalty of this local militia, with which the country is lavishly garrisoned, might not stand the strain of considerable Army defection. (10,000 Civil Guards suppressed the Barcelona rebellion of War-time).

THE UNIVERSITY AND INTELLECTUAL ELEMENT has tended to mislead, by its strideney, since being ungagged; writing and talking a great deal, this learned and liberal-minded but attenuated bloc is in revolt against clerical obscurantism and rule absolute. It wants the Cortès, and not only that, but the subsequent freedom of this elected assembly to vote what regime it would prefer—Monarchy or Republic. This the King Party refuses even to consider, and therein finds support from many Conservatives and Liberals who, while having had enough of Dictatorship, are willing to wipe the slate clean, and try again the Constitution of 1876. However, the "Liberal professions" will have none of this; oblivious of whether Spain is currently suited to a return to the rare and refreshing fruit of Democratic Government, conscious of the bankrupt performance Spanish *politicos* have put up in all this century—what with incompetency and feathering their own nests—those whom the Americans call "the think merchants" are ready, aye, ready, to part from the sheet-anchor that has been the dynasty, and to plunge into a Republic. Alone causing them to reflect a little is——

THE WORKING CLASS.—This, as yet largely unknown quantity, expanding daily—particularly in Catalonia and Biscaya—as Spain becomes more and more an industrial nation consequent on Primo's "gingering up," is being organized by Barcelona agitators who, viâ the so-called "Unified Syndicate," embracing all forms of labour, have already introduced the novelty of the general strike. The King insists that paid Moscow agents are at the bottom of things; yet one fears that we have come to credit Muscovy with too much penetrating brilliance. Barcelona has always been "where the bombs come from"; add to this a permanent Ulsterian unrest plus the contact of a great port with the outer world and its ideas, emanating perhaps as much from the neighbouring France of Blum, or from Labour England as from the Third International.

Without doubt much of Spain's trouble derives from the existence of a progressive, democratic port like Barcelona grafted on, as it were, to a generally retarded country.

But I was about to point out that the more enlightened Republicans are uneasy as to how much of the blanket organized Labour might pull over for itself, were the Monarchy swept away and a popular Republic substituted. At present the working class is mostly Socialist, but freely impregnated by Communism.

ALFONSO XIII, *Rex et Dux*

By FERDINAND TUOHY

(*Continued from page 45*)

To these parties, one and all, the attitude of the present regime is: "You are no use. Moderates, Centre, Radical, Socialists, Republican — you are all tugging at a bundle of hay in a different way; you don't know what you want or how to pull together to get it." Nevertheless, the Palace offers a new Cortès for March. To which critics of the regime answer: "You are going to 'make' the elections—you are already putting in your local officials everywhere—and the Parliament that would eventuate would be nothing more than a Fascist farce. No genuine expression of the suffrage whatsoever. Your whole idea is to block our path whenever we essay legal means to further the wishes of the nation."

And there things rest at this writing. The King in his Palace. A revolution gone off at half-cock owing to excessive zeal. The future, a question mark. Not a few sincere friends of the King hope it may be possible to find a way out with Señor Cambo, who, speaking as an expert, declares that Spain's economic and financial position is sound or could without much striving be made so; and achievement in this direction would go far towards allaying matters. A continuance of the present stagnation and lack of faith in the future, will, on the other hand, naturally promote another revolutionary outbreak, next time more methodical in conception. And simply putting down these insurrections is patently not enough. Already Captain Galan is on the way to becoming a new Francisco Ferrer, while General Berenguer, by relying on the blood cure, has defaulted in a manner that Primo was proud of saying he had always managed to avoid.

It is even possible that we may hear again of the twentieth-century Constitution that Primo had remodelled for Spain and her special needs, and which was summarily thrust aside by the *politicos* simply because it had been devised by a dictator!

Spain likes change. Here would be change—albeit not so drastic as a good few desire (there are even those who would bring the King to trial for his alleged misdemeanours). Without question there is right in both camps, as is usually the case whenever a deep matter of principle is posed. Spain has grown out of being governed with the aid of such things as an imported Foreign Legion. But the party system as practised up to 1923 was completely useless. There are countries that cannot do these things, and Spain so far appears to have been such an one.

It seems fatuous to argue that King Alfonso is a chip off the old Bourbon block, learning nothing and forgetting nothing. Rather does it appear only natural that he, whom Professor Madariaga has called "by far the greatest living Spaniard," should be more than chary about re-bestowing the dubious blessings of "popular" government when all about him are more or less orderly-running dictatorships, emanations of the times.

At this writing, while probably searching for a half-way house, Alfonso is ruling Spain absolutely. If he were not king he would be Spanish Duce. His unenviable position, however, is that as wearer of the purple he violates, so to speak, everything he touches. His dilemma is to wed the abilities and prestige of the Crown to a revival of constitutional government while at the same time retaining the good offices of that constant, if freak, factor in Spanish affairs—the army.

A curious dilemma, indeed, and one to be found nowhere else in Europe. But, then, Spaniards are like none others, not a bit logical or "expected," which is one reason one must proceed carefully in sketching their affairs.

The next thing may well be a manifesto by the King whose attitude is now set at Authority and Caution. He is confronted by a Spain at her most difficult since several centuries by a country that has been jolted forward (as the Spaniard himself says) "from candle-light to electricity without any intermediate stage."

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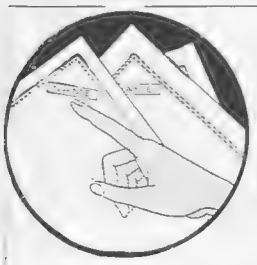

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A NOTABLE LOAN EXHIBITION

A notable loan exhibition of sporting pictures is to be held at Lord Allendale's house at 144, Piccadilly, next month, in aid of the London Foot Hospital. Princess Mary is the president and Viscountess Allendale the chairman. The exhibition is being opened on February 6 by Lord Lonsdale, and will continue for the following fortnight.

All lovers of horses, hounds, and animals generally should realize that there may never be another opportunity of seeing these pictures together in the form of an exhibition again. The pictures do not confine themselves merely to horses and hounds, but cover some of the best-known pictures in every field of sport.

Among the patrons are the Lady Ancaster, Mrs. Baldwin, the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort, Lady Bessborough, Lady Blandford, Lady Boyne, the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan, Lady Cambridge, Lady Carnarvon, Lady Churchill, Lord Derby, Lord Harewood, Lady Ilchester, Lady Londonderry, Lord Lonsdale, Lady Oxford and Asquith, Lady Ravensdale, Lord Reading, Lady Rosebery, the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, and the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, and Lord Woolavington.

All great sporting artists will be represented including George Stubbs, J. F. Herring, A. J. Munnings, Lynwood Palmer, Cecil Aldin, and Lionel Edwards.

SOUTH AND EAST AFRICAN YEAR BOOK

The present edition of this excellent reference work contains a bibliography of books relating to South and East Africa which have appeared during the last twelve months or so. They number over 150. A list is also given of cognate articles appearing in the journal of the Royal Geographical Society. The principal events and developments since the issue of the 1930 edition—the Immigration Quota Bill, the Riotous Assemblies Bill, the provincial council elections, the promotion within the Union of the iron and steel industry, etc.—have been briefly dealt with, and matters relating to labour and native policy are commented upon at some length.

The sixty-four pages of maps in colour constitute a fine atlas of South and East Africa, and plans of African harbours touched at by the Union Castle Company's boats are included in the text.

As a gazetteer for office use the guide is without a rival; the index contains over 2,000 place-names. Imports and exports, means of transport, the rapid growth in manufacture are dealt with in considerable detail. Concise information is given on immigration, acquisition of land, land laws, agriculture, the mining industry, etc., etc. The book gives the latest information obtainable on the habitats of game, the means of reaching the best hunting fields, etc., etc. The list of native names of animals is believed to be more comprehensive than can be found elsewhere.

The descriptions of the towns and of the country, of the through routes and of the side connections, are thorough and up to date. From Cape Town to Port Said, or from Angolaland to Nyasaland or Zanzibar, an endeavour has been made to give an answer to any question the traveller is likely to ask. An effort has also been made, by means of historical and other notes, to give an active interest in what is to be seen. There are lengthy articles on climate, both general and local, so embodied in the book as to aid the immigrant settler in choosing the situation and occupation best adapted to his special needs.

The book is sold at 2s. 6d. (by post 3s.), and the company hopes that the act of placing such an exhaustive work at the disposal of the public at this moderate figure may be of real assistance in that great migration movement within the British Empire which is so vital a necessity at the present time.

The volume is published by the Union Castle Steamship Company, Ltd.

NOTES and NEWS

AN "H.M.V." PARTY

There is more than enough for every taste in the new "H.M.V." issue, but as an example of a fireside programme in this season of parties, one could assemble the guests with the orchestra playing the tit-bits from two of London's latest musical comedies, *Little Tommy Tucker* and *Nippy*. John Henry and his assistants are really funny as the worst possible rehearsers of carols, and John Henry's slow Yorkshire delivery of quick jokes will keep the party in a happy frame of mind. Before the kiddies go to bed they must hear Uncle George's Party in merry old British nursery jingles, a veritable parlour pantomime. A unique record is provided by the new May Fair Orchestra supplying the lively airs for all to gambol at musical chairs. No longer is it necessary for anyone to sit out to vamp at the piano because this "His Master's Voice" invention not only provides the tunes for the game but there are automatic pauses for the losers to be sorted out.

While we rest, the ever welcome Gracie Fields will amuse us with the broad humour of "Over the Garden Wall," a Lancashire gem from the great comedienne. For a change there can come two sentimental ballads by those enchanting duettists, Winnie Melville and Derek Oldham, with "Deep in My Heart" and "One Mad Kiss." As an interlude one can call upon the magician of the violin, De Groot, who, with Herbert Dawson at the organ, renders "Because" and "A Perfect Day" with such clarity of every elegant note that the illusion is created of the artist being in the room.

Frank Crumit, the crooning comic whose very voice is a joke, can open with "The Return of Abdul Abulbul Amir," fresh adventures of our Turkish and Russian friend, and a blend of his best airs in a racing ditty, "I'm Bettin' the Roll on Roamer." A choice tit-bit most cleverly evolved is "The Smoking Concert," a ripe old village friendly lead where the locals let themselves go, and all the hilarity of such an occasion is humorously reproduced. "The Savoy Christmas Medley" is a cheery, sparkling orchestral performance of seasonable melodies, and next Wish Wynne is invited to contribute a Cockney child's version of "Bluebeard" with amusingly up-to-date expressions. With "Lightning Switch" the Palladium Orchestra will set us guessing at the titles of the blend of happy memory tunes, for no names are given on the label of this record.

Next you invite Sir Harry Lauder across the threshold, and you have the Scottish singing comedian at his ripest and richest, both in voice and jest, in the appealing "Somebody's Waiting for Me" and the swinging "O'er the Hills to Ardentenny," with his bubbling laugh and homely chatter. A wizard of speed and certainty is Michele Ortuso on the banjo with two gay pieces, "Teasin' the Frets" and "Lollipops."

Jack Hylton and his Orchestra, sheer miracles of polished team work in every endeavour, have made three special selections for this period of the year. One can take one's choice, and the best choice is all of the records at 4s. 6d. a-piece. There are "Still More Old Songs," compelling you to sing the whole round dozen; rollicking "Drinking Songs," which are quite irresistible, and six of the immortal "Memories of Sullivan," sprightly but, naturally, in quieter mood. If another selection is needed there are gems from everybody's operas, such as "The Bohemian Girl" and "Maritana."

We ring down the fireside curtain by calling upon our Empire ballad singer, Peter Dawson, to lead us in "Auld Lang Syne," the noblest of good-night classics and here sung as you have seldom, if ever, heard it.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

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The Sphere of Travel

"The Sphere's" Travel Bureau was inaugurated a few years ago specially to help readers to overcome the many difficulties that arise when the problem of holidays is being discussed.

In its new form the Travel Section is one of the most popular features of the paper. Useful and *practical* information is given each week of tours by rail, sea and road, and beauty spots and health resorts all over the world are fully illustrated and described.

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Do You Love Your Garden!

It was recently discovered that nearly 70% of the readers of illustrated newspapers indicate gardening as their chief summer hobby.

ON finding so many readers who are interested in gardening, the Editor has arranged to intersperse with the many other regular and popular features of "THE SKETCH," a fortnightly article on gardening topics—not a technical article for the professional, but one of delightful interest for leisure reading by those to whom the garden is an ever unfolding joy.

The first article will appear in the issue of January 14, followed by

A REGULAR FORTNIGHTLY FEATURE

By MARGUERITE JAMES
(Mrs. E. D. Sudell), F.R.H.S.

THE SKETCH

Have you seen it of late? If you love your garden, get the January 14 issue. Your newsagent will gladly deliver it on request; or at any bookstall.

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